

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 11, 1981

\$1.00

THE PRESS BARONS

COMBINES CHARGES AGAINST
THE CHAINS

*Southam's Gordon Fisher
and Thomson's Kenneth Thomson*





EDITORIAL

The bottom line's fine, but a byline's much better

By Peter C. Newman

This week's cover story (page 35) on Canada's press barons, and in particular the combined charges faced by two of the country's largest newspaper chains, focuses attention on the question of how responsive Canadian newspapers really are. Because the case could hardly go before the courts, comment on the substance of the charges is forbidden. But it does provide an occasion to think out loud a bit on the role of daily journalism.

Despite Lou Grant's best efforts, it's not a calling that's particularly well understood by the public at large. Visitors to the newsrooms of metropolitan dailies see little more than long rows of desks, piles of discarded press releases, empty glass pots, wireless graffiti and people sitting on the edges of their desks, apparently gossiping. James Reston, *New York Times* columnist, once defined the essence of his profession with the comment: "Any craft that gets a man out of the house and brings him home with something worth talking about, even if late for dinner, is worth defending."

There is a little more to it than that. To be a good journalist is to be a sharer in the experiences of your time. Reporters may not have the power to effect social and political change, but they certainly can set

the agenda for the debate of the day. The collective wisdom of a well-informed citizenry will almost always produce more satisfactory solutions to national problems than any political leader, no matter how enlightened. Truth is not necessarily the sum of all the ascertainable facts, but every good reporter must be rigorously loyal to a deep-seated sense of evidence. Impartiality may be elusive, honesty is a duty.

There always exists some conflict between those who make and those who report the news. But the most common complaint against journalists of all stripes, genders and nationalities is that they're so seldom objective. Unfortunately, newspaper reports are nearly always an interplay of fact and opinion. Absolute neutrality is as undesirable (and unattainable) as it is impossible, no reporter is merely a transmission machine.

None of this has much to do with whether a journalist works as a free-lancer, is employed by one of Canada's few independent newspapers or runs for one of the stables of the *Southern* or *Thames* dailies.

Whatever else the courts may decide in handling the current controversy into which Canada's press barons have been plunged, I hope that the central issue isn't overlooked, a lively daily press whose owners thrive on competition and whose reporters live by disclosure is any democracy's best defence.



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A subtle pat

In your article on the space shuttle (Beyond the Shuttle Cover, April 21) and recent paying him as the "Canadian" I looked in vain for some acknowledgment of the contributions by the National Research Council of Canada. We taxpayers are quick to criticize our government agencies, but appear to be slow giving them justly deserved praise on the back. The reference to "government backing" certainly seems more like prejudging conclusions.

—VINCE FLURY
Monrovia, Ont.

A heart of maple

It was with great dismay that I read Trent Frayne's column (*It's Tuesday, Gosh, It's Tuesday*, Sports, April 21) regarding the performance of our hockey team in Sweden. I set no reason for him to belittle the efforts of those on Team Canada. And his reference to them as "Team Clark" was a cheaper shot than the one Guy Lafleur took from Rick Van Goy. There is also no explanation for his deprecating remarks about Coach Don Cherry's "babbling," which has managed to make him one of the most successful coaches in the NHL. I have long suspected that a big red maple leaf beats where my heart should be, and for that reason I'm proud of these guys. We all should be.

—KEELY COLEMAN
Missouri



Space shuttle: grudging commendation

Not so stupid women

As a hospital pathologist for 30 years, I consider Sharon Fraser's article (Review of the Body Menstruates, *Focus*, April 21) to be an insult to Canadian nurses and women in general. Ms. experience of Canadian women is that they are a very well educated group. And Canadian women in general are not so stupid as her article tends to imply.

—THEODORE J. WILLIAMSON
Guelph, Ont.

As a professor of surgery at the University of Saskatchewan I believe that Sharon Fraser's article raises a prob-

lem, which is of great concern to most women and many (although unfortunately not all) physicians. The real issue, however, is the surgery that is being performed for women with delicate breast cancer. The cosmetic results of partial mastectomy, performed by a surgeon who has proper training in the techniques, are excellent. If we could offer women a significantly better quality or quantity of life by a radical mastectomy, then the explanation might be justified. Unfortunately it isn't so, and therefore the breast should be conserved as often as possible. The men women who ask searching questions before committing to mastectomy, the more surgeons will be forced to examine closely their reasons for doing it.

—CHARLENE J. WRIGHT
Saskatoon, Sask.

Gossipy reading

Your conclusion on the *Real Books* \$60,000 First Novel Award contest (*Most the First, Keep the Best*, Books, April 21) may make gossipy reading for the Canadian literary, writing to perpetuate their myths, but they're inaccurate and unfair. Jack McClelland's offer on at least one potential choice exceeded the amount. McClelland & Stewart would have had to lay out for the winner, and I invite your writer to submit even a totally brilliant manuscript based on a cricket to any U.S. publisher and witness the result.

—NANCY COLEBERT
Toronto

PASSAGES



DECEASED: Jim Davis, 72, at his ranch home in Northridge, Calif., while recuperating from surgery for a perforated ulcer. An Jack Benny, television-Goodson-Todman "Daddy" of television's *Dallas* clan, Davis had become a household name after a lifetime of less memorable roles in hundreds of TV shows and films including *Elmer Fudd* and *Rio Lobo*.

ELECTED: Toronto lawyer Robert Hall, 52, as president of Variety Club International, the world's largest children's charity group. The former sports broadcaster is the first resident Canadian to hold the post, though his brother-in-law **Monty Hall** of *Let's Make a Deal* came served in 1975 and 1976 while living in the U.S.

BEHIND: Jazz trumpeter William Adams (left) and bassist, of course in New York, Calif. Adams specialised in

high notes and is best remembered for his recordings of *Talkin' the A Train* with Duke Ellington's orchestra.

DECEASED: John Bahak, 66, struck by a truck near Peace, Alta. The retired Edmontonian, justice became widely known while visiting his native Yugoslavia in 1958, where he was arrested for allegedly leading a Second World War action squad as well as for a series of other war crimes. He spent 18 months in jail before being acquitted and returned to Canada.



WARRIOR: Ex-Boston drummer (right) **Barbara Barr**, 34, at **Barbara Barr**, 34, an American musician and model, both for the second time. The civil ceremony at London's Mayfair House registry office was attended by the other surviving band members, **Paul McCartney** and **George Harrison**.

DECEASED: Helen Slater Rice, 80, known as the joint laureate of the greeting car-

dinal, in Cincinnati, Ohio, following a long illness. The author of 14 books of inspirational verse, she has been the voice of millions through her popular letters for greeting cards. "My calling seems to be uttering of spiritual truths into simple rhymes," she said.



CONVICTED: U.S. Senator **Harrison Williams**, 62, last Friday became the seventh member of Congress to be convicted in the Aboussen political corruption scandal. The New Jersey Democrat, a 32-year veteran of the Senate, was convicted on six counts of conspiracy and two counts each of bribery, conflict of interest, receiving a criminal gratuity and interstate travel in aid of a racketeering enterprise. Lawyers contended that as part of the Aboussen undercover operation Williams expected to make \$184 million on the basis of a \$10-million loan from "Shark Yasser Habbal" who was actually an FBI agent.



IN TIMES OF STIFLING GAS PRICES, A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.

As gas prices soar, our driving habits are being stifled. But there is a breath of fresh air. The Volkswagen Rabbit Convertible.

So now the car that's always been a breeze on gas lets the breeze blow through your hair, delivering a pleasing fuel consumption rating of 7.3 L/100 km* (or 39 mpg). While its responsive 1.7 L engine accelerates your tap-down driving fun from 0-80 km/h in 9.5 seconds. Inside, the Rabbit Convertible conquers the internal congestion problem. Instead of smothering you physically to save on gas, it is designed to offer four large adults plenty of

room to breathe. With more than ample shoulder, leg and elbow room (not to mention infinite headroom).

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So, if you're feeling stifled by high gas prices and cars that offer little relief, test drive the Rabbit Convertible.

Then think about this: If everyone drove a Volkswagen, we could all breathe a lot easier.



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Coming home to the whole point

Reading the article *Demanding Access for All* (Living, April 26) as one of the many disabled individuals that you felt authorized to write about, I felt that the first few paragraphs seemed straightforward with just a hint of sensitivity for the disabled persons in the article. However, it became more apparent that you missed the whole point of what disabled persons are trying to do—get society to accept us on equal terms.

—ROSEMARY COMBRO,
Windsor, Ont.

Book tube pettiness

What we need in terms of TV programming is not Canadian versions of boring, stale productions such as *Dallas* (What This Country Needs Is a Good Free-Cost Soap, Editorial, April 30). We should have the best programming available worldwide. Let's not fall so navel-gazing and telling the world how petty we can be, but show it that we are broad-minded enough to accept the best from everywhere. A Canadian "soap" means little in terms of pride and accomplishment in this country.

—JOHN LAM,
Toronto

Applebaum's delight

Also, Anne, Anne O'rage of the printed page! O'rageous Canadians! Would that thy petty prophecies come true. Would that our troubled cultural industries embark upon a policy of territorial conquest abroad and bring home plentiful markets for the glory and profits of our most talented artists.

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People's Front delegation: equal terms

(Culture *Disturbed* by *Baroness*, Column, April 26). But wouldn't this, O'rageable Verma, tangle with the value of our aging patient's involvement? Without Maury's report the patient would have died long ago. Without Applebaum's insensitive the patient may be left to work. O'rageous Barbara Talt, sense, talk dollars and cents and then yes, like Applebaum, will be doing a truly public service. —MILKES KORTZ,
Toronto

Publicity's guided eye

Your editorial *The Medium Is the Message*, *N to the Maxxer* (April 13) was timely, concise and provocative. But really, it is necessary to keep Roger Gerns with the likes of Jay Gillman's *Gerns*, in spite of a repressive penal system, acquired a literacy that has made him a respected author. He didn't seek notoriety by writing *Go-Gay*, he was simply expressing himself on a topic about which he is an expert—*Jay Roger Gerns* is to be congratulated for turning his life around, not chastised for publicity seeking because he won the Governor-General's Award. —KATHY WELLS,
Chatham, N.S.

Hear ye! hear ye!

As a fourth-year journalism student at Carleton University, I believe few people anywhere condone sexual harassment (Monday *Thru* C8 at the Plaza, Canada, April 6). But in place large posters around a building announcing that it exists (as did the Ad Hoc Committee on Sexual Harassment) was, in my opinion, a tweedy and sensational method of inflicting a perhaps necessary distinction on a sensitive and volatile issue. The tactics used by the committee have called into question all

relationships between professors and students. While I is no way condones the women who complained, or their sincere intent, neither can I condemn all members of the faculty as the poster campaign in effect did.

—DOROTHY
Ottawa

Deck the skies with bells of...

Class *Kleinwatt* of the *Red Kink* (Canada, April 13) is a national matter. During the Second World War the Soviet Union saved our necks. They did not make mistakes alone at Valtia and Potsdam, but they did suffer the greatest losses against fascism. In today's world of sophisticated satellites, who seems about apertur planes and "spooding" if that is the case? The space shuttle can hang weapons in the sky like Christmas tree lights. We, however, were not spending when we prepared to not hundreds of nuclear weapons on the Soviet's doorstep. Your writer calls these people enemy. This soldier is more afraid of these writers than of the Russians. —JERRY NOBLE,
Toronto

Oh heartless youth

I am a 16-year-old and a new subscriber to *Maclean's*. I feel it is my duty to defend the U.S. from said tongue-in-Sonnet lands. Allan Fotheringham (Living the *Halfpenny* Dimes, Column, April 13) seems to think that just because some violent movies are successful, America is a refuge obsessed with violence. That is like saying a whole harvest of apples is bad because one or two are rotten. There are sane Americans, myself included, who are repulsed by it. However, no recognition is given to those who stop violence, only to those who commit it.

—ROBERT EMBURY,
Dorval, Q.L.

A valley of folly
After having looked at many official American statements on El Salvador proven wrong (Coverage in the *Morning*, World, April 26), I no longer believe anything the U.S. says on Central America. This is because to affect the behavior of statesmen on other foreign policy matters. It seems the greatest allies of Central American Communists are in the White House or state department. People know which side is shooting at them and which is providing the ammunition.

—ROBERT BUCKER,
Owen Sound, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and must correspond in letters to the Editor. *Maclean's*, 140 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario M5G 1S7

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MACLEAN'S MAY 11 1980 7

A novel suggestion

'Better put a fox in a hen house than ask an author to judge his peers'

The Right Honourable Edward Schreyer,
Governor-General of Canada, 10, 000, 000
Government House, 1 Sussex Drive, Ottawa
Your Excellency

With the greatest respect, sir, I must tell you that you have a problem. It concerns the Governor-General's Literary Awards. You should be the first to know that the institutions introduced into that program during your term of office have failed miserably.

The first transgression was the decision to move the awards ceremony away from the nation's capital. The purpose of that move, as I understood it, was to strengthen the esteem of society that has been drawn over these proceedings in the past. With the advance in communications technology, it has become more difficult to maintain secrets in Ottawa. There are just too many snoopers around Parliament Hill. But I must tell you that I am concerned about the choice of Montreal for this year's May 11 ceremony. Is it sufficiently remote? Is it not possible that despite every care, there will be a news leak? There are more secure places that could be found—outposts still exist in Newfoundland.

Another innovation in the award, before the winner is announced, of a so-called "short list" of candidates is equally contentious. This way everyone knows that the judges are competent, take their work seriously, and reward no leading contenders. This, I think, was a sound idea. But please consider what your lackluster judges have done! In only the second year under this new program, they have issued a short list of final contenders that must be the ultimate arrest. They have failed to include what many consider to be Hugh MacLennan's finest book (*Passee in Time*), Pierre Fortin's finest book (*The Jealousy of Canada, 1820-1921*), Richard Gwyn's finest book (*The Northern Magnet*), Phyllis Gosselin's finest book (*Harvest Hills*), Mordecai Richler's finest book (*Arctura Thine and Mine*), and I won't even mention the authors that they have failed to include in the poetry category because that has already been outrageous on the CBC as a national disgrace. Have the rules and the policies been changed? Is the purpose, now, to deliberately stir up controversy? Or is the purpose to denigrate the Governor-General's Literary Awards to such a degree that the program can be quietly discontinued in the future? Please, Your Excellency, may I be informed of the new objective. Authors expect me to know about these things.

Your Excellency, do you doubt the fact that these ceremonies have been held almost in secret in the past? About 15 years ago I arose uninvited, as two successive Governor-General's Awards Dinner (long since eliminated), to make a plea that these ceremonies should be made into news events. I was told by the then-chairman of the Canada Council that I would not be invited back unless I gave prior

written assurance that I would refrain from such controversial outbursts. After all that time, I have been given only one reason for my entry—that the Governor-General's office is involved, and that controversy must be avoided at all costs. I say to hell with stuffy protocol. Let's celebrate our authors. I guarantee that the impact of these awards could be increased tenfold without the expenditure of an extra dollar if a sensible approach were taken.

Another problem with the Governor-General's Awards relates to the Canada Council. I am not in any general sense critical of the work of the Council. I think it has been a great force for good in Canada. It is in that context that I say unequivocally that their handling of these awards has been abysmal. Their performance in the selection of the award-winning books has been almost beyond comprehension. Small, effort parties have been appointed in each category. The parties consist, for the most part, of writers in the categories to be judged. Do you think for a minute that this is a fair system? Let me tell you from my experience of over 35 years, in which most of my waking hours were spent with authors, that this is nonsense.

The recipients, the petty jealousies, the vendettas, the cliques—well, the lamentable results through the years speak for themselves. I would not employ an author to select a Final-Five finalist. By their very nature they are biased and blindly-minded. Better put a fox in a hen house than ask an author to judge his peers.

Let us set up a broad, representative jury comprised of critics, reviewers, bookellers, librarians, teachers, professors, publishers and readers—let's bring it out in the open and let's lay down the rules. Let's understand what we are, the opinions of a reasonable cross-section, the most worthy books. Let's pick the winners properly and then let's celebrate them.

Now, Your Excellency, I am going to make a rude suggestion. I believe that it is time for you to get out of the literary awards business. I am sure that you do not want to preside over the liquidation of the Governor-General's Awards, but it is time to do so. Let's call them the Canadian Literary Awards. Let us get the Canada Council out of the act. Please insist that they continue to supply the funds and, in fact, double the amount of the awards. Let the book industry, through its various associations, decide the how, when and where of these literary prizes. It is finally time that we give suitable and single recognition to the handful of Canadians who contribute more to this country than anyone else.

Respectfully submitted,
Jack McNeil and

Jack McNeil is president and publisher of McNeil and Stewart Ltd.



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Dreams of a mad housewife

Joy Fielding achieves long-awaited commercial success with her latest novel

By Judith Thurman

In the house of the Canadian literary establishment, there are many Queens. Picture the coked, where luminaries such as Margaret Atwood and Marjorie Kapel take their tea (and with politics). On the literary, in which Robertson Davies is firmly enmeshed with a glass of fine port. Out in the garden, Susan Nagarski is twirling around in

story about a divorced man who kidnaps his two young children, it has, since its publication last spring, sold 25,000 copies in the U.S., been chosen a Literary Guild alternate, made the best-seller list in Canada and been sustained self-internationally, for upwards of \$150,000. Far from being taken aback by her recent commercial success, Fielding admits: "To be very honest, I'm surprised it took so long."

she has traveled, it is only necessary to know that her third novel, *Twice*, a low-cost version of *The Maudslows* Candidate crossed with the *Patty Hearst* saga, featured in its cover the scurrying image of "It" that ravaged her body, then they came back for her mind." In contrast, her latest book is subdued, tasteful and much better written. The only cause on its cover features is a white banner straggled around it promising \$5000 TO BE A

MAISON. MOTHER. MISTRESS. While that is itself has become a cliché—American activist Abbie Hoffman recently dispensed with preferences and called his latest book just that—it is still the badge of merit in today's literary marketplace where success is a word that starts with a dollar sign and ends with Robert Redford direct-

"I would never set a book in Canada. No one in the States wants to read about it"

ing a tasteful little morsel of your book with, let's say, Sally Field in the role of the housewife (or Goldie Hawn, suggests Fielding) and Bert Reynolds as the nasty husband.

Robert Redford has not yet been on the phone to Joy Fielding, but the folks from Samuel Goldwyn here, and for an initial payment of \$50,000 she is already hard at work on the screenplay. Fielding is tough going, she can grapple the other day when a visitor told her of a book she could buy about the

art of screenwriting. Far as she ingeniously explained, "I'll give you all the basics and sometimes that's exactly what I'm lacking."

Fielding's ingenueness is the kind that doesn't grate. At 36, married to a corporate lawyer, the mother of two little girls and the mistress of a rather grand new house, she appears to be the one girl who got it all, managed it all and somehow deserves it all. Or so her longtime friend, film-maker and entrepreneur Johnny Bassett puts it, "a very, very sensitive, bright, intelligent per-

son who would be good at anything she does." Thankfully, there are a few larger touches, a slight airiness, of the mad housewife about her. "I'm high-strung, but I'm working on it," she explains, extolling the virtues of hypnotherapy. She appears dreamy in blue jeans and sparkly pink socks slipped into those slightly frayed, slightly life, she has outlasted a matter of comfort seeing as she spends much of the time administering to her daughters, Shannon, 5, and Annie, almost 2. In between negotiating giddy visits and mediating sibling rivalry, Fielding confesses to feeling most comfortable, even when she's lying flat, at the kitchen table. No room of one's own for her. And no airs about the process she goes through—she appears to have raised her children with one hand while the other was busy writing four novels. While other writers might offer more elaborate reasons for their success, Fielding attributes much of hers to "time-in help."

The comfort is as much a part of Fielding's existence as her ambition to keep writing "because I enjoy it." She may, in some symbolic and literal way, be in the kitchen, but it's one of 11 huge rooms in a \$650,000 palace in midtown Toronto that looks like a modern-day version of something Scarlett O'Hara might have banked after tripping through the room on a slightly off-kilter tour, she is like any other wealthy Toronto housewife—riveted on her choice of life in the upstairs bathroom—except, of course, she has a screenplay to write and a substantial advance from Doubleday to produce her next novel, tentatively entitled *The Other Women*.

Her confidence was nurtured early in what she now feels was "an incredible loss." Joy Thompson's father was a jewelry salesman, her mother a strong presence who encouraged her to think "there wasn't anything I wanted that I couldn't have" (Her mother died in 1936 of cancer, and the loss haunts Fielding: "I would give all of this up," she says simply. "I'd need to have my mother back.") She and her younger sister grew up in a modest neighborhood in Toronto, then in the more luxurious surroundings of Forest Hill. She went to the University of Toronto, where she majored in English and high hopes, resulting to become a famous actress. She even did a controversial nude scene in a movie called *Winter Kiss* (it was, playing a "freak" girl called Ben. In real life, though, she says, "I wasn't anything like that. I was kind of slow getting started with men."

After graduating she decided, at the age of 22, she was ready for Hollywood. In Los Angeles she lived in an apartment building with a topless waitress, a

hooker and a groupie, got herself a constant companion—a badge named Bud—and embarked on a life that would give her enough material for three novels. Once she went on a blind date to an orgy, a scene she parlayed with interesting results in two of her books. While she had her eyes opened by the seamy side of Hollywood life, she was also discovering disquietingly that even though she considered herself "special-looking," Hollywood casting agents didn't. After she was refused to working on a bank teller and doing fading actors, even her justly self-confi-

dence was shaken. When her mother, visiting her, told her she was losing her spark, Fielding got her badge in her purse and came home.

While in Hollywood, Fielding kept a fictionalized diary which she showed to an agent who told her "I don't think this will be published, but one day you're gonna make a fortune." That seemed encouragement enough. Moving in with her parents at age 26, she sat down at their kitchen table and connected, in five weeks, *The Best of Friends*, an explosive-headed story of a woman with a split personality. The



the tulip patch. But where is Joy Fielding? She is undoubtedly in the kitchen in her fuzzy pink slippers, quietly turning out a novel worth half a million dollars—in gritty, in fact, that the others don't notice she's there.

Fielding may still be an obscure Toronto writer whose name offers no literary market, but she has been plaguing away for 11 years now, always aiming at that "larger market." Her fourth novel—and first really respectable one—*Kim Mooney Goodbye*, appears to have hit its target. A respectable and timely

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kindest thing one reviewer had to say about her novel *Tender*, she remembers, "was that it was *truth*." Even now, commercial rewards haven't guaranteed much respect at the hands of the critics. The *New York Times* reviewer might have written that he couldn't stop reading *Kiss Measy Goodbye*, but The Washington Post noted that it was best read "under the hair-dryer." Fielding doesn't think that's fair. "You don't get the kind of quality dialogue in school books that you do in mine."

Soon some reviewers who praised her book noted there was more than a whiff of narcissism about it—putting a lot of things with "mine" written all over it. Fielding doesn't "wish I did know what she's, but I don't. I wrote this book



Fishing with daughters Annie (left) and Shannon. Lefty pink zipper

for me, because I wanted to do a love story." And yet she cheerfully admits she is governed as much by her agent as by the muse. "My agent told me suspense sells, so that's why I wrote *The Transformation* [her second book] and *Tender*," she explains, either not realizing or not caring that such an admission might be taken as literary heresy. Kim Moore Goodbye was set in Florida because she and her husband have a condominium there and because "I would never set a book in Canada. No one in the States wants to read about it."

That might stick in the craw of this country's colts of cultural sensitivity, but it is perhaps only fitting for a writer who feels she has received "nothing but discouragement from Canadian publishers, nothing but encouragement from Americans." Still, Fielding is not bitter, only amused. "That larger market [America] the vision gets closer. In the end, her ambitions are as different from those of many writers. "I want people to think I am a good writer, and to look forward to my next book." Her motivation, though, may be harder to grasp. "I write," she says, "to escape." With a laugh and a look at her surroundings, she catches herself. "Although one would have to be perhaps [therefore far away] to want to escape from this." ♦

THIS CANADA

A friend indeed on the stormy seas

Heroic rescue missions are almost routine for the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary

By Michael Chagston

The Portuguese trawler wasn't an hour out of Black Tickle, Labrador, when it all began. A tempest sweeping down from Greenland at about 140 km/h was packing up huge swells to be shredded upon the jagged bedrock of the Labrador coast. Deep in the engine room of the *Maria Tristeira*, Vinhais, some critical part broke down, and 64 Portuguese fishermen could feel the thrub of the propeller wobble and the boat downwind, to an area known locally as Salmon Right, a sea known reefed up on the sea. The *Vinhais* was turned by the gale and, with that shuddering wallow that boats develop when they lose power, began to drift toward Salmon Right.

"I heard there was a ship aground," says Wolf Bartlett, a 40-year-old fisherman from Brighton, Nfld. like 18-metre long-hauler, the *Nancy Bartlett*, had found a small bottle riding out the tide in the shelter of Black Tickle's ancient, quarter-moon harbor. At the masthead of the *Nancy Bartlett* lay the sturdy Lori and Pauly, identical penants matted and jibbed as if trying to shake off the maple-leaf-and-dolphin

motif of the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary (CMRA). Radars crackled in the cabins before as Bartlett and David Hays, owner of the *Lori*, heard of the ship aground a few miles away. An auxiliary members they were not required to assist—but the fishermen shared their willingness to do so. The *Solcan Right* was in danger at the best of times: since the charts were sketchy as to reefs and shoals, firsthand knowledge was a prerequisite for simply fishing in the area.

Yet there was no shortage of volunteers on board the *Nancy Bartlett* when she, the *Lori* and several other fishing boats reached Salmon Right. They could catch sight of the *Vinhais* as their boats rode the reefs of the 45-metre sea. The Portuguese trawler were holed on the bow, as huge waves alternately covered the ship or lifted it and slammed it back on the reef. But the Canadians could not get close enough for a rescue for fear of being driven onto rocks themselves, so they returned to Black Tickle to await a wind change, and with it a rescue. It was Sept. 6, 1989, a day during which the Portuguese would learn (eventually) that the passage of time is subjectively perceived.

Volunteer MacDonnell (top): Vinhais disabled on reef just past midnight



Bartlett grew up in Lunenburg, a haven in Notre Dame Bay where, as with any seafaring people, rescues were just another remarkable chore. They were also the stock-in-trade of the Canadian Coast Guard, which operates ships and aircraft from strategic centres around Atlantic Canada. Moving via cooperation between local fishermen and the professionals, whose boat was 17,000 km from shore. So in 1978, Bartlett wrote to the coast guard in Lunenburg, Nfld., recommending that fishermen, with their knowledge of local wind and tide patterns, would be ideal partners in the large search-and-rescue network. "Strangers coming in here with helicopters for rescues haven't got the firsthand knowledge," says Bartlett. "By the time they get here, it could be far too late."

By coincidence, the coast guard had been thinking along the same lines, and in early 1979 awarded the Canadian Marine Rescue Auxiliary and called for volunteers in five national districts from Black Tickle to Vancouver Island. Its object was to take the sting out of being a good neighbor by training fishermen against damage and injury during rescues, and being out a little with

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Programmed to influence

Radio Free Europe beams its message behind the Iron Curtain

By Peter Lewis

It was hardly even a radio station that has been revived, jammed and bombed that somebody out there doesn't like its programs. When, to boot, two of its broadcasters are persecuted with duct tape, the station could be accused if it opted for a safer line of business. But Radio Free Europe (RFE) in Munich does not appear to mind the sticks and stones. In broadcasting daily to Eastern Europe, it has come to view the punches it receives as proof of its own power to breathe.

Some are not RFE's only worry at present. Over the past months the station has had the pliers about its future. Many of its staff fear that the strong anti-Soviet line adopted by the new Republican administration in Washington could combine with the present apogee in East-West tensions to deflect Radio Free Europe from the straight and narrow of its reporting. Such a loss of objectivity, they maintain, would quickly destroy the station's credibility in Eastern Europe—where its audience is said to include even top Communist party officials—and drive away a greatly por-



Broadcaster Barbara Priebe at talk desk (above). RFE newscasts power to Britain

tion of its estimated audience of 30 million. "We'd fight any move to turn the clock back to when the station was little more than a U.S. government mouthpiece," says a spokesman at RFE's white two-story building in Munich.

Station officials deny that plans are afoot to alter the station's line to make it fit the pugnacious mood in Washington. "We haven't received any sign that the Reagan administration expects us to start changing the tab," says RFE spokesman Bill Mahoney, while station President Glenn Ferguson was adamant that "no changes in the way we operate are envisaged." But another executive did concede that holes could be poked into RFE's claim to objectivity if the international climate, already very cloudy, were to further worsen in response to a Soviet invasion of Poland or other major events in Europe. "If it came to a new cold war I'd not give a dime for our chances of maintaining an even keel," he says.

The station built up a reputation for reliable reporting during the gale days of East-West debate in the '50s. Before that—until 1951, to be exact—RFE was backdated and run by the CIA and a lot of the secret it gave was declared to serve as a backdrop to ongoing discussions of the Communist system. Many people in East Europe still deny the role Radio Free Europe played in the Hungarian revolt in 1956 when it inaccurately suggested an at least one occasion that the United States was coming to the aid of Hungarians fighting Soviet tanks. A West German board of inquiry later cleared RFE of inciting revolt. Yet when the U.S. Congress stepped in to finance and manage the station in 1971, it took the precaution of ruling that no mention of U.S. military intervention in Eastern



The station and its secret network, Radio Liberty, are regarded by their detractors as propaganda outfits that work tirelessly to fan unrest in the Communist countries by beaming slanted news across the Iron Curtain in 20 languages. But defenders of the stations claim they are respectable organizations that offer a brew of unclouded fact, debate and commentary to fill a gap created by the refusal of Communist authorities to keep their flock informed of world and local events.

Between the two moods there would seem to be no common ground, but both sides agree on one thing—Radio Free Europe has, for better or worse, done a remarkable job over the past 20 years in transmitting its voice into the push-and-shove of superpower rivalry in Europe. Some measure of the feelings RFE can create came recently when a 10 lb bomb exploded at the company's Munich headquarters, wounding eight and causing \$1 million worth of damage. But



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Europeans to cross the staff's lips again. Anecdotes were also told to avoid emotionalism or sympathy. A few who did not—or who at least made themselves particularly obnoxious to the Communist secret services—came to get. Georgy Markov, a 48-year-old Bulgarian who also worked for the BBC, was waiting for a bus in London in the fall of 1978 when a bearded man carrying an umbrella banged into him. Markov felt a sting in his thigh and turned up at his office feeling queasy. A few days later he was dead, killed by a delayed-action poison fired from a dart gun concealed

in the unseen assassin's umbrella. Shortly after, another BBC broadcaster of Bulgarian origin, Vladimir Kousov, was strangled in similar fashion in a Paris Metro station. But Kousov survived to return to his post as BBC's Bulgarian service in Munich.

Most of RFE's 1,657 employees are East European émigrés—the top brass, though, is exclusively American—and because of differing political views they tend to spend a lot of time squabbling among themselves as they produce material in Polish, Czech and Slovak, Hungarian, Romanian and Bulgarian for



RFE's Ferguson: nothing comparable

RFE's around-the-clock service. Radio Liberty, a smaller outfit, broadcasts exclusively to the Soviet Union in 25 languages.

Using a powerful transmitter in Portugal, Radio Free Europe likes to give Eastern European listeners an account of events in their own country that the Communist media has not thought fit to mention. There is nothing conspiratorial about the way it picks up its information on happenings behind the Iron Curtain. Each week the station's research service makes through 800 newspapers and magazines, taking care to cross-check data with official party documents. It also draws heavily on reports from Western correspondents in the East and systematically monitors Communist radio stations. The findings are considered so thorough that 1,300 article reprints in the West subscribe to RFE's situation reports.

How effective is the Munich operation, which costs the U.S. taxpayer almost \$100 million a year? On the whole, it would appear to pack quite a punch. A visitor to Eastern Europe finds that, although RFE's audience cuts across the whole spectrum of society, most regular listeners hail from the urban intelligentsia. Many people fault the station for occasionally getting bogged down in detail and, notwithstanding Nurek's denials, sermonizing more than it should in its newsreleases. But they see it as essentially trustworthy.

Officials in Munich feel that the fact the station is continuously jammed—though with patchy results—in all the eastern countries except Hungary and Romania is proof enough of its effectiveness. Also, the Communists seldom pass up an opportunity to claim RFE and the Khrushchev protest about its "hostile activity" at the Helsinki Security Conference. "All that is waste to our ears, though we would prefer Moscow to think of us as an irritant rather than hostile," says Morton Von Dugay, a veteran RFE field correspondent. "It means we must be saying the right things." □

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FOLLOW-UP

All quiet in the West

How quickly they forget. Was it only last fall that Western Catholics were turning out to separate rallies in droves, denouncing "reactionist socialist Ottawa," that the fledgling West-Pol separatist association reported a burgeoning membership of 36,000, that Bruce Rogers, Swedish member and vice-president of West-Pol's Calgary chapter, said, "I can't see what's going to stop us now?"

The time seemed ripe for western separatists, and yet the idea went as quickly as it had come. A 24-hour fever



Separatist fever hit: 24-hour fever

of the western psyche, brought on by the National Energy Program, it has subsided into subtle indifference and organizational chaos. Roger, himself, quit West-Pol in January, to be followed in March by the entire Calgary executive and two members of the Edmonton executive. The Calgary office was closed, and a planned \$500,000 advertising campaign cancelled.

The troubles stem from internal dissension with Edmonton millionaire Elmer Kreitzer, who helped launch West-Pol. Former members charge that Kreitzer was leading the movement to right-wing nationalism, alienating potential supporters with disparaging public references to "chicks and wops" and "French Asses." Says Roger: "He didn't have the smarts to do it. It's really and because we need that vote." A similar loss of momentum has affected other separatist groups. A recent

meeting of Western Canada Concept, headed by Victoria lawyer Doug Christie, attracted only 16 people. Jan Eyerman, a Calgary businessman elected to the new West-Pol executive, summed up the apathy: "I don't think the West is going to vote for separatism, so why should I put time into it?"

Don Ray, a University of Calgary political scientist, attributes the puncturing of the separatist balloon to the lack of a credible leader. "Kreitzer was able to tap into a sense of discontent, but he has not shown the ability to build the movement." In addition, there are what

Ray refers to as "the Alberta and wars"—the jockeying for power between Christie and Kreitzer and their separate supporters. Ray notes, however, that westerners are still discontented by their place in Confederation. A crisis in the energy or constitutional fields, "fueled by the bitterness of people like Peter Lougheed," and separatism could flower under the right leadership. "People here are unhappy," says Ray. "They want the separatists out, yet. The greenness that the movement built on has still there."

—SUSANNE SWANSON

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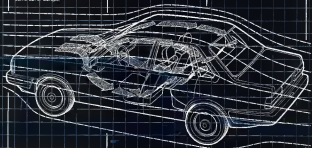
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CANADA

Final justice, seen to be done



Supreme Court Justices Robert Dickson, Ronald Marshall, Bora Laskin, Roland Ritchie and Jean Beetz (front row) and (back) Julian Chouinard, Wilfred Estey, William McIntyre and Antonio Lamer. Below: Roberts, and Twaddle: no cat is so worth skinning

By John Hay

Any one shut in the nurse room for a week with 50 lawyers—especially in the walnut-walled Supreme Court of Canada—learns that the ways to skin a cat are numberless. No surprise, then, that the historic test of the Trudeau revolution in the high court evoked arguments infinitely subtle and varied; so cat is so worth skinning right now as the Canadian constitution. It was equally natural that all 11 governments kind some of the country's heaviest legal talent to plead the federal and provincial cases before the nine justices—Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry chose to argue his case personally, while federal Minister of Justice Jean Chrétien sat in the front row of spectators as his side was defended by legendary trial lawyer J.J. Robson. Plainly, this legal battle mattered more than most.

Kerr Twaddle, counsel for Manitoba and veteran of earlier Supreme Court cases, led off for the provinces with the



arguments that prevailed in the Newfoundland Court of Appeal but failed in Manitoba and Quebec. The provinces, he said, are "independent and sovereign" within their jurisdiction under the British North America Act; they enjoy a share of the sovereignty relinquished by Britain by the 1981 Statute of Westminster, which freed provincial and federal legislatures to make laws independent of Britain. Second, Twaddle argued, the very act of enlisting in Confederation was a kind of compact among the provinces which cannot be broken

without their consent. And, finally, his third sustained point, that a convention has been established that, when Parliament asks Westminster for a change in the 1982 Act affecting the provinces, it gets their consent. On this, Chief Justice Bora Laskin was clearly skeptical. "When you're talking about a convention that per se is not enforceable in a court of law," Laskin later called convention "a political animal," politically persuasive, perhaps, in government behavior, but not a rule of law to be spelled in the courts. Douglas Schmeiser, a University of Saskatchewan law professor loved by Maniotoke, urged that "legal theory must march alongside political reality"—that the court should recognize the past practice of provincial consent and rule the Trudeau package unconstitutional. But Laskin was to remark on the paradox: a constitution is by definition a custom by which its adherents feel bound; if Ottawa doesn't feel bound by provincial consent in its action, there could hardly be a binding convention. In arguments smoothed in the Appeal

Maclean's
NOV 24 1987

Courts like sea-polished rocks, the other provinces advanced variations on Twaddle's case. Quebec's Civil Service and the court must arbitrate in federal-provincial disputes as "the ultimate guardian of the integrity of the constitution," Saskatchewan's lawyer, Kenneth Leys, differed from his provincial allies to argue that sovereignty of all provincial authority was adequate in making a federal request to Westminster constitutional. It was enough, he said, for the court to rule that some agreement was essential without counting how many provinces agreed. As it happens, only Ontario and New Brunswick support Pierre Trudeau's project.

Roberts's turn to state the *fides* came on the third day of what was becoming one of the longest hearings in the court's history (most cases are done in a day). He began by granting that Ottawa's proposal, with its charter of rights and new amending formula, does indeed impinge on provincial powers. Then he argued, in effect, that whatever the conventions of past amendments to the constitution, they were no business of the court's. In the first place, requests to Britain for constitutional changes were by Commons-Basis resolutions—not laws—and as the courts could not interfere with them. Struck by this, Mr. Justice Willard Estey interjected to ask whether a constitutional resolution was really any different from a birthday greeting from Parliament to the Queen. "It is my submission, my lord," replied Robeson, who went on to argue that conventions change too often to be subjected to court enforcement and, anyway, "are purely political." True, "a cautious prime minister will naturally seek consent of the provinces" for amendments "A more courageous prime minister—Trudeau left no room—would take a different course."

As the justices prepared for their private conferences and judgment-writing, there was an indication how all that might have impressed them, their interventions in open court seemed overbalanced on both sides of the issue. Those tilting were the sides caught by the wiretap tapes. The tapes which was installed last year and still catches the justices unaware. Estey was heard wondering at one stage when the slow-speaking Twaddle would finish, two days later he whispered about a Robeson point. "On this one, he's wrong." The lawyers, for their part, had carefully tailored their presentations to the known and rumored quirks of the justices. Leys, for example, is thought to dislike hearing his own past judgments quoted to him in court.

With the future powers of 11 governments and the court system itself in the balance, Leys's judgment in this case is likely to be the most quoted of all. ☐

Dead days at the dog track

The bus embroiled with the racing dog had been heading southwards across the West for half a century, subject even being limed by labor trouble. It had been almost that long—Second World War army days—since Daisy Proctor caught a long-distance bus. Unfortunately, the two villages connected on the eve of Greyhound's first strike. An angry Proctor is now vowing not to set foot in a bus again for another 40 years.

"I don't think the riots in the war were treated as badly as we were," says the Lethbridge, Alta., woman. With no warning of the impending strike from Greyhound's eastern counterpart, Voyager Colonial, Proctor boarded a bus in Petawawa, Ont., where she had been visiting her son. The following af-



Toronto picketers: "Once you don't it."

ternoon she was "dumped off" in Winnipeg, seven hours before the strike began at 12:00 a.m. April 28. Unable to locate hotel rooms, about eight passengers pleaded to spend the night in the depot. "The security guards locked the doors at midnight and told us not to let anyone in, even if they were bleeding to death," she says. "Then they woke us at 5 a.m. when the depot opened. If we closed off again, they'd grab us by the shoulders or kick us in the shins. We were really poked on." A Winnipeg radio station broadcast an appeal for rides, and some of the passengers caught lifts with truckers, but Proctor opted for a \$88 refund and Greyhound paid \$54 for her train ride to Medicine Hat, the closest Via Rail route to Lethbridge, 165 km to the southwest. A Lethbridge friend drove up and finally

brought Proctor home—24 hours later than Greyhound would have.

At that, she was lucky. Had she tarried in Petawawa, another one-day bus has already could not even have begun because by last Wednesday Voyager Colonial's operations in eastern Ontario were also shut down as 400 drivers and support staff struck for gritty work with their Greyhound brethren. By last weekend Greyhound strike leaders had a new offer to try on their membership which they were confident would have been rolling again across the West this week, but not before transcontinental bus travel from Vancouver as far as Montreal had been grounded for five days, the first such shutdown ever.

If Daisy Proctor was outraged by Greyhound's first strike since the Amalgamated Transport Union, Local 1274, won bargaining rights in 1942, west coasters were merely shocked. Canadians have grown accustomed to lousy air service, a just after slower

than the peep experts and trains that are more objects of nostalgia than they are a means of transportation. But Greyhound had been as reliable as securities, running every day of the year to almost every corner of Alberta and across five provinces from Vancouver to Toronto—a route that last year carried 5.6 million passengers. Having subscribed to Greyhound's slogan of LEAVE NOTHING TO US, passengers and businesses as varied as veterinarians and equipment dealers suddenly found themselves back in the driver's seat or scrambling for cabs, crossovers and carriage companies.

The impasse between Calgary-based, American-owned Greyhound and its 1,400 employees came after five months of fruitless negotiations. Union members requested a 25-per-cent wage hike over three years that would have given drivers a top rate of \$8.46 cents a mile or

DATSUN DARES...



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Readers of "Car and Driver" rated it the best import car of 1980. From the makers of 280 ZX, comes the pure excitement 200 SX. From the high performance 2 liter OHC electronic fuel injected NAPS-Z engine, to the surround sound compact stereo, everything says you're

the kind of driver who dares to go first class.

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climbed teeth and sharp pencils, they elung to a public trust that was exposed as a private business just like any other. The members of the chain kept away from the sharehold-ers, of market share, profit centre and penetration rate. They argued that they kept papers alive that would die on their own. As for content in the papers, codes of conduct and editorial mission, the statements were as dry as the Sahara. When it comes to the bottom line, they can complete each other's sentences: "Survival is the first prerequisite" (Sloan's H. Gordon Fisher). "To survive you must make a profit" (Glen Thomson of Post and Toronto). "If your paper doesn't make money, it can't survive" (Paul Demerutis, owner of Power Corp and La Presse).

The real of journalism as it was thought to be—competitive and cut-throat—came on "Black Wednesday".



Comic: They played neighborhood games high up on the mountain in Woodhouse.

Aug. 27, 1980, when Scanlon closed the Windsor Tribune and Thomson sold the Ottawa Journal, both assets in real time. The latter was bought by the Journal's owner in the year as part of its acquisition of the eight-paper *Post* chain (including the excellent Toronto Globe and Mail, then sold to News Corp. and the lucrative *Lethbridge Herald*). Thomson walked up to Bank Wednesday by selling off the money-losing Calgary Alberta to the Toronto Star chain and by merging the Victoria Times and Colonist. When the day came, Thomson said Scanlon's half-interest in Pacific Press Ltd., joint publisher of the Vancouver Sun and Province. It dealt to Scanlon its 25-per-cent interest in the Montreal Gazette, a newspaper from the deal made when he sold the Montreal Star in 1979. In Winnipeg, the proud name of the Tribune sold to Thomson for \$1 and the press for more than \$1 million. "Journalism in Canada," said

Counting pennies in the millions

For more than six months the money flow between the Ottawa news bureau and the Toronto headquarters of Thomson Newspapers Ltd. Throughout the summer, groups met debated the hot issue—a \$50 stamp fund to cover the cost of trading money not spent enough to be included in the chain's 27 Canadian dailies. The year was 1979. The revenues were \$306 million.

The man at the centre was Brian Slaght, then general manager, now executive vice-president at Thomson, and the newspaper man who obviously has his foot on a very tight line. Between annual puffs on a low-car, Slaght recalls the decision three years ago to define the bureau's request for stamps. He knew the Ottawa office

people, in fact, wanted publishers to "beard against factory workers who will agitate for union rates and conditions." Shortly after Ken Thomson's eighth family paid \$100 million for the eight papers of the *Post* Publications Ltd. chain—including the Toronto Globe and Mail—a senior Thomson executive reduced one staffer's mileage claim from 30 cents to 15 cents a mile.

Yet, except at junior ranks, Thomson's work force is a stable and fairly contented lot. One reason is a lavish profit-sharing scheme that allows longtime managers to accumulate hundreds of thousands of dollars before they retire. Some have left with the proceeds to start up their own ventures. At the very top, some have become millionaires, or close. According to a Thomson report, president Margaret Hamilton, for example, owns more than \$15 million worth of company stock. Deputy Chairman John Tory has more than \$500,000. Slaght has \$400,000. When Thomson sold down the Ottawa Journal last August, the company gave publisher Art Wood the same job at The *Cambridge Daily Reporter* (population 12,000) and outlined the comfortable benefits package that Wood had negotiated with the *Journal's* previous owner. It offers was no relocation assistance for other workers, however. While Wood found the detailed Thomson system painful at first, he now says, "The reports really do prove to be fairly helpful."

On Bay Street, "the Thomson formula" gets rare reviews. "It definitely works," shares Lou Hansen, media analyst for Dominion Securities Ltd. "It's what shareholders want a management to do." Concludes Selys Katz, manager of investment research at E. A. Jones & Co., "Thomson's financial management has developed an acumen that is unsurpassed in spotting value."

After four months of headlines by the Royal Commission on Newspapers, however, the question still lingers: whether it works, and whether it is right. Ted Sowell has an evident way to go: Thomson fired him as editorial director after it took over *CFR*, but Sowell has worked at The *New York Times*, *Time*, *New York Post*, the *Globe* and the *Washington Post*. He says that Thomson is "probably the most debilitating force in Canadian journalism." Stuart Kuzin, another ex-*Time* employee and retired publisher of the Vancouver Sun, says that, after 35 years on the beat, "I cannot recall a single editor in a while who has been as good as Thomson. He has a natural feel for the editorial business in a natural confidence. One has the feeling that they would be happy to give him 40 massive back vials or 40 wigout factors."

So Colin McClellan, candidate when, after about 30 years with Thomson—

the past 12 as senior editorial consultant based in Toronto—he walked away, and into the arms of Walter Stewart, a journalistic maverick who spent his years (Stewart left his newspaper's job when Thomson closed the old *Star* News Service. He is now editor of Today magazine, owned jointly by Thomson, Bell Canada and the Toronto Star). Stewart was studying the effects of newspaper concentration on journalists for the Keat commission and he persuaded McClellan to come out of retirement in Victoria and sing for Keat in Ottawa last March.

McClellan's tales from his months of the papers were as cheerful as a train wreck, but no less revealing. He had managed to hire a part-time reporter in Halifax to serve the chain's seven Atlantic papers. But the man quit after a month because of the pay: \$390 a week when the legislature set, \$140 when it didn't. In all his days, McClellan learned, he managed to increase the *Co-*



stars reporting staff from one to two (The third Ottawa hand in the perpetually written column, Stewart McLeod). Apart from two Toronto-based columnists and a three-man bureau at Queen's Park, Thomson News Service has no one else. McClellan concludes sadly that the company "is inhibited by a modesty that can only be matched by its financial success. There was an indifference in the editorial side of the newspapers. Small, in his words, could describe the basic least followed by the company."

As they do to most criticism, the Thomson office tends to react to McClellan in the manner of religious fundamentalists: addition that a fellow has stepped down the block. Going off the record, they look into the database and lamentations about "poor Colin" and wonder why he stayed so long if he was so unhappy. Retires President Hamilton: "Whether anyone likes it or not, we're a people." Adds Slaght, "None of these things will be a problem at the time. They are a mirror of what he put."

It's what shareholders want a management to do



Thomson chief, Slaght (left), Hamilton (middle), McClellan: 'The formula'

Most closed of all in the story about the stress that broke the *Globe's* back McClellan was that the deal was done when Slaght signed a long-distance phone charge that a McClellan subordinate ring up for a call home during a weekend trip on company business. "It doesn't cost \$10 a day," he says, "he says, 'I'm home.' McClellan says: 'I'm home.' Hamilton says: 'That just isn't true.' For his part, Slaght says there were several calls during the weekend, and the amounts were so casual as to raise concern that the staffer had problems at home with a child.

Ken Thomson has just a few minutes before heading for lunch during a break at the Keat commission hearings in Ottawa. "You cannot help but feel hurt," he allows in the ignored tones of a boy surprised by bullies in the schoolyard. He knows he has been battered by the media and struggles with apathy to set the commission and the company pre-

file in perspective. "There is an awful negative mood out at it. It's an uncomfortable image and I don't think it's justified." It is a company of small people in small rooms, he notes, and the readers want the local news and local summaries from the nation and the world. He admonishes the reporter to look at his papers. "You should be joining the *Star* Observer with an opinion in a similar capacity."

In the reading room on Parliament Hill, the papers from the nation and the globe are laid open on the stand-up racks. The April 14 edition of *The Observer* in Serbia (population 10,000) acknowledges René Lévesque's rejection of the right before in a 28-paragraph story on page 1 by Canadian Press (there being no Thomson correspondent in Quebec). There is no editorial, no other comment. Down the rack, the independent *Winnipeg Free Press*, owned by Michael Dwyer of Kingston (population 50,000), offers three front-page pieces on the Que-



bec vote, one by a special contributor. Inside, there is an editorial and a cartoon. The next page is given over to three opinion pieces. A second page contains four background stories.

It is difficult to imagine that Ken Thomson, Lord of War, head of a great multinational corporation and his father's son, doesn't know the difference. In fact, he surely does when he talks about the future, now that his empire spans major papers in Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria. "If I had five crystal balls," he muses softly, "I'd have to look at every one of them. These things could evolve. As we expand and grow, we must change our attitudes. I don't want to close out a broad-minded view." Old newspaper McClellan was much more worried. It is a matter of moving into the last line of journalism. It has been a modest start. Paul Tesoro, Brian Slaght is looking for a Halifax reporter, and as for the matter of the stamp question in Ottawa, Slaght added that dispute by ordering up a postage meter.

**Members of the chain gang
sing of market share, profit
centres and penetration rates**

Ken Thomson, owner of Thomson Newspapers Ltd., "will not be quite the same, will it?" In many quarters of the trade, the feeling was that Thomson would see to that one too, page 38)

Gordon Fisher is a sturdy businessman who sails out of Toronto's Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He is a competitive racer whose specialty is the start, where skill and nerve are needed to take advantage of the opposition—without jostling the gun and being disqualified. On a cruise to Bermuda aboard *Bismarck II* in 1980, the crew gave up hope of salvaging the ship in a severe North Atlantic storm which swept masts over the side. Fisher pitched in with a steady grip and helped her back to port.



Crashen salvaged *Caroline* (right) the freedom of voices with large editors



Ken (left) and Gordon (right) at the start: the abuse has only just begun

"Baron," appropriately, in Fisher's stated goal for Southern, the family firm he avoided after agency because it seemed "too good." The father, Philip, married a granddaughter of founder William Southern, who brought into his first paper in Hamilton in 1877. Fisher also played the presidential touch to St. Clair Ballou, who in turn rewarded his nephew Gordon Fisher the firm in 1958 and handed on to him the top post in 1975.

Southern faces problems beyond an inquiry by the Kent commission and a protracted case in the courts. Because the widely scattered class of independent owners holds only 40 per cent of the public company's stock, Fisher frets about that the company is vulnerable to take-over. As the first member of the family firm to shut down a major newspaper—typically, he went to *Winnipeg* and stood on a desk in the newspaper to announce the dire deed himself—

Fisher doesn't want to lose the dynasty, too. With an obvious preference from the family now in place, Fisher may have to go outside for a professional manager.

The obligations to family and shareholders go a long way to explain why the small set of Canadian press lords spends so much time trying to get along in the club. Two days after George Cowe became president of PT in 1978, he sat down with Fisher in a Toronto hotel to make a deal. The talk found an amiable in Alberta grade. As kids, they played neighborhood games high up on the mountain in Westmont. They attended outstate Trinity College School, where Fisher was "jazz man" (top student) in his senior year. They were members of Rappa Alpha as students in engineering at McGill. The matter of the April meeting in 1978 was a plan to merge two troubled Sunday magazine supplements, PT's *Weekend* and Southern's *Canadian*. It's now an



ongoing. South is Tokyo, and in the four remaining competing English markets—St. John's, Toronto, Calgary and Edmonton—it appears in only one of the papers.

When a strike began at PT's Montreal Star in June 1978, Fisher and Cowe started an intimate dance to keep their two papers alive. As revealed in testimony before the Kent commission, the log of constant contact between the range of a trade that goes for the regular. It was June 13, the first day of the strike, when Fisher called Cowe, as the PT boss recalls, to promise that the competing Gazette "would take no action which would take advantage of our unfortunate situation." Because of such tactics, aimed at whipsawing one paper against the other, the two agreed to help each other out—out of a sense, as Fisher put it, that "you scratch my back this round of negotiations, I'll scratch your back next round."

Throughout the eight-month strike, Fisher and Cowe talked regularly—

MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.

"Journalism in Canada will not be quite the same, until it?"—Ken Thomson

about a possible partnership to publish both papers from one plant, about the divided province, once the dispute was over, that there would be, as Currie recalls Fisher's words, "a holy war in Montreal, that we would be knocking each other out to recapture our position." Currie observed: "It was in [Brennan's] interest not to do anything in Montreal which would so alienate us that it would prevent an accommodation." They had agreed about the Saturday supplements and, Currie volunteered, "we had to find an accommodation in Winnipeg"—where the situation was reversed, with *the Post* in the lead. Said Currie: "We had to find some way of resolving these issues, which were almost severe. You can't look at the out-



Tory-Buy Street acquisition architect

by, absorbed Pierre Trudeau's passion for constitutional patriarchy to the fact that "history as far as looking to say, 'Over the past 20 years, as to coming out of a global village, newspapers have been entering a smaller percentage of households. People who are eating out more, running harder, or simply not contemplating "the" have less time for the sorts of words on a paper and more for teeth and hair on TV.

The fewer the owners, the more the papers seem to look the same. To organize their bulk for busy people and to grab those who don't want a "real" paper, editors—such consultants doing them—have planted forests of spin-off sections with names such as *Times*, *Post*, *News*, *Post and Courier* in Ottawa, the *Citizen* features a Friday tabloid insert called "City," which is a fall of fish and beef and entertainment for the under-30 crowd. There is also a heavier dose of how-to-news. One day last month the Montreal *Globe* ran a fashion feature, called "Dollars and Sense," which explained how to build a wardrobe around "a super Lacoste shirt." Right paragraphs later, the purchases vanished. It adds up to journalism with a class but, for readers whose "hugs move when they read," on the phone meant by *Citizen* banner columnist Charles Gordon back in 1978.

Still, newspapers are desirable commodities, and Maclean's *Reader*, the national free-dollars media company that owns Maclean's news magazine, has joined the queue of readers who want to buy a newspaper. While it is a product haggard around in a mark by pre-budgetary youths and may have some of the properties of other candy—it is cheap, matches quickly and creates a hell of a mess—the daily newspaper is a habit that has been formed by more than five million Canadians. It is a tradition and mysterious machine, which can tell us news, is a personal kind of high politics, power and power. Newspapers are a \$1-billion-a-year industry. The people who work at the trade are better trained and educated than ever before. With the push by large papers to mass special-interest and specialty, it is a bargain at \$12 cents. Even if it sometimes goes awry with full and full, nonetheless, submits an *Investor* press publisher Stuart Keate, "the press of Canada is infinitely better today than it was 50 years ago. It is more honest in that it has fewer secret news."

The fastest one still around in the age of concentration, when so few owners control the message, tends to be the paper itself. Newspaper owners are very loathe to disturb the secrecy about themselves—the very type of secrecy their reporters daily work to dig up. Even the Toronto *Star*, with the biggest

circulation in the land and five national newspaper awards for 1980, can fall victim to the purge. If so, in the matter of the Kent commission hearings, Toronto Corporation took over a chain of suburban Toronto weeklies from the *Business* of Toronto for \$12.5 million, it was three-page news in the *Globe* and *Star*. The *Star*, instead, ran a company news release on page 8 of the *Saturday* business section. In the same manner, when the *Star* John Tolpeltown *Star* and printed the text of its lead to Kent, readers learned for the first time how K.C. Irving and his sons had quietly sold up their newspaper holdings in 1972 when father moved in Bermuda.

For those within the trade, fewer owners mean fewer chances to speak out without fear of reprisal. The Kent commission discovered that David Radler, president of the British Columbia-based *Starling* chain, had ordered some papers to run his editorial attacking VICE 90 for wearing black armbands during the Ottawa visit by Ronald Reagan in March. The piece hap-

pened to spread factual inaccuracies and a retraction was printed—but only after staffers guessed the order, by which they were scolded. Reporters from the Canadian Press (CP) also told Kent that Toronto editors had ordered them to downplay the role of Thomson head office in stories about labor problems at the chain's papers. In fact, Thomson and Brennan succeeded for a time in suppressing the use of the word "chain" on the CP news wire.

Appearing before Kent, Radler was asked to explain his opposition to union watchdog bodies for newspapers. He was more than that, most, but Radler spoke what was in the heart of the chain bosses. "Because we would appear before some panels and explain our action and, you know, it's an open forum for demonstrations and things like that." With Kent and the courts to name, it seems the abuse has only begun.

With *Star* from John Tolpeltown, David Radler, Kathryn Mulvey and Co-Media Staff.



O'Callaghan (left), Pridmore group the people who he believes they want

ments to avoid the news breaking while the gentlemen were meeting in Winnipeg.

All sides drew there was any conspiracy. They had, they say, no obligation to lose money. Notice a series of federal moves on the chain and speeches by senior Liberals attacking newspapers, Southern's Fisher submits: "A free press is close to being openly and publicly harassed by our most powerful government." Patrick O'Callaghan, the free-wheeling publisher of the *Edmonton Journal*, declares: "We are happy to be outside the Liberal's side. President of speech is at issue. We will be the first to step back from the brink."

Not Roy Maguire, publisher of the *Globe* and *Mail*, if he has his way. Back in February the *Edmonton* paper returned to the *Edmonton* side, before London's Royal Commission with Soci-

strengthened their grip on circulation over the independents. Today, only three of the 13 largest papers are independently owned, compared to nine a decade ago—three of which folded.

That what does it mean, after all, to have a free press houses rather than many? "Freedom of the press," submits James Kerr, president of the *Communications Association of Canada*, "is no longer the freedom of diversity but, on the contrary, the freedom of a few voices, with rather large echoes, to publish as they see fit." For Pierre Péladeau of Quebecor Inc. and Doug Creighton of Toronto Star Publishing Corporation, it means many talkbacks with a gasp for the four big news, sports and Sunday. In Montreal, the success of Péladeau's *Journal* (No 2 daily national circulation) has stamped the *Press* into morning publication with a tabloid insert on sports for Metro readers and a page splintered with pictures. They say the paper has no industry associations to

Everywhere in chains



Share of English language newspaper circulation by ownership			
	1970 % Share	1980 % Share	Share Change
Independents	40.7%	25.2%	-14.9%
Southern	21.5	32.8	+11.3
Thomson	30.4	26.9	-3.5
Star Group	—	6.3	+6.3
Irving	2.7	3.0	+0.3
Others	2.8	4.3	+1.5
PP Publications	37.6	—	-37.6

Share of French language newspaper circulation			
	1970 % Share	1980 % Share	Share Change
Independents	51.0%	18.7%	-32.3%
Quebecor	15.0	40.5	+25.5
Desmarais	36.2	26.6	-9.6
Universitas	—	14.7	+14.7

Percentages of share circulation for

- 1. *Globe*
- 2. *Edmonton*
- 3. *Star*
- 4. *Post*
- 5. *News*
- 6. *Post and Courier*
- 7. *Edmonton*
- 8. *Star*
- 9. *Post*
- 10. *News*
- 11. *Post and Courier*
- 12. *Edmonton*
- 13. *Star*
- 14. *Post*
- 15. *News*
- 16. *Post and Courier*
- 17. *Edmonton*
- 18. *Star*
- 19. *Post*
- 20. *News*
- 21. *Post and Courier*
- 22. *Edmonton*
- 23. *Star*
- 24. *Post*
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- 92. *Edmonton*
- 93. *Star*
- 94. *Post*
- 95. *News*
- 96. *Post and Courier*
- 97. *Edmonton*
- 98. *Star*
- 99. *Post*
- 100. *News*

Those A's are flying again

With "Billyball" and a new owner the Oakland's A's are setting records



Two Oakland A's brawling (here, with Seattle). Martin roping a calf with an axe: every trick in the book, and often a new one from Martin every day

By Bruce Jenkins

It was a day off for the Oakland A's, and their manager, Billy Martin, cherishes his days off. The last thing he wanted to do was address the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, where his audience wouldn't know the infield fly rule from a slide rule. But Martin showed up, on his best behavior, and charmed the gathering with an eloquent speech. "Let me be the first to tell you," he concluded, "that the A's are going to the World Series."

Baseball people would have laughed at that statement last winter, but they aren't laughing now. The Oakland A's, with Martin running the show and Charles O. Finley a distant memory, are the fastest-starting team in major league history and are showing no signs of slowing down. They have done it with "Billyball," the popular expression for Martin's aggressive, unpredictable style of managing—a five-man pitching rotation, both invariably finishes what it starts and a young, gifted outfield

many consider to be the finest in baseball. More significantly, the A's have finally become a big-league operation. Improvements were inevitable when Walter A. Haas Jr. (head of Levi Strauss & Co.) bought the club from Finley for \$22.7 million, but until opening night at the Coliseum nobody realized how drastically things have changed.

An hour before game time, some 3,000 people were waiting outside and other delights at an invitation-only dinner in the Coliseum's Exhibition Hall. That would have been a good reason for an A's game just two years ago, when the club drew only 386,763 fans to 61 home games. The stadium itself had a bright new look. Seats had been painted, the outfield walls polished, the sound system improved, the lighting cover relamped to exceed league standards. The score board, which carried names and numbers for years, actually worked. Organ music had been replaced by tapes of contemporary records and Celebration became the A's theme song. "This isn't

a ball game," said one delighted fan, "it's a party."

The A's were already the talk of baseball with an eight-game winning streak and then opened the home season with a 16-1 thrashing of the Seattle Mariners. They hit five home runs, two of them by Tim Lincecum, who was twice called back onto the field for eases by the home-town crowd of 30,255. There had been big crowds at the Coliseum before when the A's won three straight World Series from 1972 to 1974, but none quite like this.

"In the past," said pitcher Steve McCatty, "if we got 20,000 people, 20,000 would be for the other team. We'd get the other 4,000. This crowd had as so jacked up, there was no way we could lose." Club President Ray Kroc, standing with his wife in an empty press box after the game, couldn't express his elation. "To say anything," he stated, "would be sacrilegious."

Two days later, after setting a major league record by winning their first 11 games, the A's finally lost—3-2 to Seattle in the second game of a doubleheader.



RADIO GUIDE



RADIO WEEK

A celebration of the best in Canadian radio
May 9-May 15

PROGRAMS FOR MAY 9-MAY 22

THE GUIDE TO CBC RADIO AND CBC STEREO

CBC RADIO WEEK

MAY 9-15

During *Radio Week*, CBC radio stations from coast to coast are planning many activities for you to take part in—contests, concerts, broadcasts from public locations, Open Houses—as well as special programs. To find out what's happening in your area, tune in these local programs:

RADIO 550 AM VANCOUVER M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Early Edition</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (604) 681-7700	RADIO 100.9 FM THOMPSON M-F 12:15 p.m. <i>North Country</i> M-F 3:00 p.m. <i>West Country</i> TELEPHONE: (254) 471-7700	RADIO 520 AM FREEDRIFT M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>News Break</i> SAT 9:00 a.m. <i>Saturday Morning</i> TELEPHONE: (800) 663-0001	RADIO 1450 AM GANER M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Morning Show</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>News Break</i> SAT 9:00 a.m. <i>Saturday Morning</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend A.M.</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001
RADIO 540 AM PRINCE PICTET M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Michael's Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001	RADIO 740 AM TORONTO M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Mike's Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (416) 593-0001	RADIO 1070 AM WINSTON M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>The Morning Show</i> SAT 9:00 a.m. <i>Saturday Morning</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001	RADIO 540 AM GRAND FALLS M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>The Morning Show</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001
RADIO 740 AM EDMONTON M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information A.M.</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (403) 464-0001	RADIO 520 AM BITWATER M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001	RADIO 1110 AM SAINT JOHN M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001	RADIO 1340 AM HAPPY VALLEY M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001
RADIO 1010 AM CALGARY M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Early Edition</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (403) 464-0001	RADIO 1550 AM WINNIPEG M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (204) 786-0001	RADIO 1440 AM SASKATCHEWAN M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (306) 944-0001	RADIO 1210 AM ROXBOROUGH M-F 8:00 a.m. <i>Information Morning</i> M-F 12:30 p.m. <i>Radio News</i> M-F 4:00 p.m. <i>Today's Company</i> SAT 8:00 a.m. <i>A.M. Show</i> SUN 7:30 a.m. <i>Weekend News</i> TELEPHONE: (506) 642-0001
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CBC RADIO AND CBC STEREO

CBC operates two national English radio services—CBC Radio and CBC Stereo. Twenty-one CBC Radio stations and more than 200 rebroadcasting transmitters (AM and medium FM) comprise the CBC Radio network. CBC Radio broadcasts national, regional, and local programs to all parts of Canada. News and current affairs constitute a significant part of the programming. Local information is featured on morning, noon, and late afternoon shows. As well as interviews, documentaries, farm reports and sports news, CBC Radio broadcasts a wide variety of entertainment programs—classical, serious, pure and pop music, drama and literature.

CBC Stereo concentrates on broadcasting classical and other serious music and coverage of the arts. Although announcements of community activities and local weather reports are based on CBC Stereo. There is just one regional program per week and national programming. A wide range of pure and folk music, drama, literature, and documentaries is also offered in full stereo sound. Transmitters are located in 16 cities across Canada.

CBC Radio News can be heard on both CBC Radio and CBC Stereo. CBC Radiocarries on the hour news reports throughout the day. *The World At Large* and *The World At Six* can be heard on both networks, while *The World At Nine* and the 10 p.m. *National News* are broadcast only on CBC Radio.



How To Use Radio Guide

First, locate the CBC station or stations in your area. Depending on where you live, you may have access to both CBC Radio and CBC Stereo. If in doubt, consult the list of CBC stations on the right, or write CBC Audience Services, Box 5000, St. John's, Nfld., or Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A6 for a complete list of the CBC's nearly 400 stations across Canada. Next, check the map above to determine which time zone you live in—Pacific Time (PT), Mountain Time (MT), Saskatchewan Time (ST), Central Time (CT), Eastern Time (ET), Atlantic Time (AT), or Newfoundland Time (NT). Listings in *Radio Guide* indicate whether a program is Radio Stereo or both. Unless otherwise indicated, the program is heard at the same time in most of the country, and a half hour later in Newfoundland. (Exceptions, which occur mainly Saturdays and Sundays on CBC Radio, are shown below the regular time.) For further information call your local CBC production centre.

Radio Guide Number 1, May 9/92



Managing editor: *John G. Gaudet*
 Art director: *John G. Gaudet*
 Contributing editors: *John G. Gaudet*

Cover illustration: *John G. Gaudet*

CBC RADIO

ST. JOHN'S	940 AM
St. John's	1200 AM
St. John's	1400 AM
St. John's	1600 AM
St. John's	1800 AM
St. John's	2000 AM
St. John's	2200 AM
St. John's	2400 AM
St. John's	2600 AM
St. John's	2800 AM
St. John's	3000 AM
St. John's	3200 AM
St. John's	3400 AM
St. John's	3600 AM
St. John's	3800 AM
St. John's	4000 AM
St. John's	4200 AM
St. John's	4400 AM
St. John's	4600 AM
St. John's	4800 AM
St. John's	5000 AM
St. John's	5200 AM
St. John's	5400 AM
St. John's	5600 AM
St. John's	5800 AM
St. John's	6000 AM
St. John's	6200 AM
St. John's	6400 AM
St. John's	6600 AM
St. John's	6800 AM
St. John's	7000 AM
St. John's	7200 AM
St. John's	7400 AM
St. John's	7600 AM
St. John's	7800 AM
St. John's	8000 AM
St. John's	8200 AM
St. John's	8400 AM
St. John's	8600 AM
St. John's	8800 AM
St. John's	9000 AM
St. John's	9200 AM
St. John's	9400 AM
St. John's	9600 AM
St. John's	9800 AM
St. John's	10000 AM

CBC STEREO

ST. JOHN'S	940 PM
St. John's	1200 PM
St. John's	1400 PM
St. John's	1600 PM
St. John's	1800 PM
St. John's	2000 PM
St. John's	2200 PM
St. John's	2400 PM
St. John's	2600 PM
St. John's	2800 PM
St. John's	3000 PM
St. John's	3200 PM
St. John's	3400 PM
St. John's	3600 PM
St. John's	3800 PM
St. John's	4000 PM
St. John's	4200 PM
St. John's	4400 PM
St. John's	4600 PM
St. John's	4800 PM
St. John's	5000 PM
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St. John's	6400 PM
St. John's	6600 PM
St. John's	6800 PM
St. John's	7000 PM
St. John's	7200 PM
St. John's	7400 PM
St. John's	7600 PM
St. John's	7800 PM
St. John's	8000 PM
St. John's	8200 PM
St. John's	8400 PM
St. John's	8600 PM
St. John's	8800 PM
St. John's	9000 PM
St. John's	9200 PM
St. John's	9400 PM
St. John's	9600 PM
St. John's	9800 PM
St. John's	10000 PM

REMARKABLE RADIO

Radio Week, May 9-15, is a festival of special CBC programming and community activities. It's an occasion, as Doug Fetherling observes, to marvel at one of the world's most celebrated radio services

THE STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY have been called the vanguard of all that is serious in the United States, in much the same way residents of Southern California are supposed to be the leading edge of pop culture and boogie-woogie culture. So many come as shock to learn what the fashion in intellectual snobbery is at Harvard these days. It's not reading Thomas Pynchon or discussing the New Philosopher from France, in credible as it may seem, the thing is listening to CBC Radio.



Before he landed off to the Peace Corps, Ben Gertberg, a Harvard student, was the CBC's first "Voice of Dover."

Comedians then often look upon one of the world's longest—and, in some ways, most successful—radio networks as the most amusing institution in it, just as tourists visit the Tower of London to see and hear. Yet this tendency to be taken for granted has not been for want of trying on the CBC's part. From May 9 to May 15, for the second year in a row, the network is showing itself to best advantage with CBC Radio Week, which will include one time program as well as special features within existing shows, some of which will devote an hour to CBC history.

Perhaps CBC Radio is relatively little remarked on because of its long history. It has become part of our collective subconscious. Its roots were deeply sunk, and more or less taken for granted, by 1952, when the CBC also moved into television, which promptly stole much of radio's thunder. The radio wing is still the lesser one to day, at least in terms of budget and conspicuous glamour—if only because radio, by its nature, cheap and less frenetic than television. Yet the situation is re-emerging in a way. While most everyone's attention has been fixed on television—what it ought (and ought not) to do for Canada's self-image, and to what extent (if at all) it should cater to the public appetite for American programs—CBC Radio has gone its own way, producing most all its own material (unlike TV) and, with many innovations and comparatively few upstarts, holding the popular and the refined audiences in a delicate balance that is testimony of similar organizations around the world.

The entire Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, radio and TV alike (but not counting the many freelancers and contract workers), has on the order of 12,000 employees.

Yet only one-tenth of these work in radio. Radio's share of the total budget works out to no more than the same proportion. This means that as facilities, too, the English and French radio networks are sometimes seen as poor relations—though lately the situation has improved. The English network, for instance, has the use of more than 100 production studios, recording rooms and mobile units, but not all of them are state-of-the-art. It gives a good suggestion of network's physical double personality, for instance, to realize that the Toronto Radio Building, a former girls' school that to be kind has seen better days, is also the site of a master control room that looks like and for Star Wars.

With one foot in each of these worlds, the CBC English language radio service managed, in 1980, to produce 11,318 hours of network programming and 51,602 hours of regional shows. On CBC Television, a network hour of programming costs over \$55,000 to put on air and a regional hour



In April, 1956, a few months before the premiere of the CBC's radio version of *Man of the Year*, Frank McKel, a young man, was the CBC's first "Voice of Dover." He made his debut as a radio personality by reporting from the scene of the disaster every hour for 16 consecutive hours.

a little over \$9,000. For CBC Radio the respective figures are only \$2,605 and—incredible—\$511. The comparison is made all the more vivid by remembering that even CBC TV costs are far less than the equivalent ones for television in the U.S.

Perhaps the most significant decision affecting the radio portion of the CBC in recent times was one that began taking form in 1972. That's when the corporation



Frank McKel began a Saturday night tradition in Canadian homes when he began his radio's most popular program in the 1940s and 1950s. He did his first live play-by-play radio broadcast in 1922.

self-sown recognized that the plan was a bit premature.

But now, with about 74 per cent of English-speaking Canadians able to receive FM, something like the same scheme is effectively at work, though with different set of reasons. The basic English AM service—what used to be known as the AM network—is simply called CBC Radio. It also broadcasts on the FM band in many areas, owing to technical reasons or problems of geography. And what was formerly called the FM network is now termed CBC Stereo. Even people who originally opposed the 1972 plan now support the results of what's come in its place: a determination to attract large middle-brow audiences without lessening the network's grip on the elite listeners.

The cultural role needs little more words here. Everyone knows that for decades radio drama was practically our only indigenous drama, that the CBC virtually kept the short story alive in this country, that it's a stretch of good Canadian poetry that doesn't include an acknowledgment to the poet Auden. And, too, the record is bright.

The cultural side of CBC Radio even accounts for there then a dash of colorful and sometimes hokey tetrameter folklore. On one occasion, many years ago, a young man named Frank McKel was hired to Toronto to conduct various works which, on later inspection, were found to

have been recorded on dirty tape. The results, sadly, were audible. Then there was the time Owen Wiles turned up to star in a live radio drama only to disappear during the first half of the show; he was found on the stage of a local hotel dining room, dressed as a magician and saving a woman in half. Listeners never did figure out why the voice of the main character changed in mid-play.

In any case, the role CBC Radio plays in the cultural world is understood and appreciated. People are less cognizant of the following generated by other types of programming.

It's staggering to think that 2,683,706 people tune in to one of 20 CBC Radio stations each week—and that figure is exclusive of the affiliated private stations and the elaborate Northern Service, which hopes within the next few years to have a transmitter in every settlement of more than 300 people and already broadcasts in such languages as Dogri, Chipewyan, Haremsian, and Inuvialuk. And CBC combined with English listeners per week—nearly 900,000—through the affiliate stations.

An audience of one million is a real achievement, and CBC Radio has many such ratings. *The World At Eight* and *The World At Nine* each get one million morning listeners weekly. *The World At Six*, in the early evenings, has almost as many. The latest independent figures reveal that *Sunday Morning* also has over one million listeners (including affiliated stations), as does *At Eight* (reckoned on a weekly basis).

The loyalty is measured in other ways as well. CBC Radio comes within a few hundred letters of receiving the same amount of audience as all of the other major Canadian TV channels. A constant stream of letters also comes from outside the country. One frequent correspondent is a man in Friendship, New York, who says he follows Canadian politics as a sort of avocation and appreciates the constitutional coverage from Ottawa. An American economist, obviously, or a poet, finds and applauds the CBC's material that's rebroadcast in other parts of the world and the prestige CBC Radio carries in the international broadcasting fraternity.

Basically there are two avenues of such dissemination. The first is through the CBC's own network of stations. The second is through the CBC's own network of stations. The first is through the CBC's own network of stations. The second is through the CBC's own network of stations.



CBC Radio Stereo draw 4 million listeners.

When he joined in 1915, Max Bell was the first Canadian to be named a CBC Radio personality. He was the first Canadian to be named a CBC Radio personality.



During the Second World War, Canadian troops were entertained by the Canadian Army Band. One of the band's members, Frank McKel, was the first Canadian to be named a CBC Radio personality.

tion. First there's the CBC's International Relations department, which uses the corporation's membership in several overseas broadcasting cooperatives to feed CBC shows (especially opera and classical music) all over Europe (including the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics) and Latin America. Second, there's Radio Canada International, the shortwave service based in Montreal, which in addition sends discs, topical tapes and transcripts of CBC material to many parts of the world. These departments are too frequently overlooked when discussion turns to the big six airies—News, Current Affairs, Drama, Music, Variety, and Features and Humanities. But they account for hundreds of hours of programming heard over much of the globe, including a great deal of cultural programming. Just recently, for instance, the Corporation began selling recordings of such series as *Notes in Australia*, and the drama series *Nightfall* has been sold to broadcasters in the United States.

The CBC usually takes the attitude that foreign sales serve to put Canada's best foot forward, and while the primary aim is not to turn a profit, it is only practical to look for the added revenue. Even so, it's an indication of how other countries do look with interest more than with admiration at the Canadian media. One reason doesn't have enough left over for all the Canadian material they'd like. John McChesney, the senior producer at National Public Radio in Washington, D.C., says he admires the "artistic and intellectual depth" of CBC radio generally, and particularly the "highly produced sound" of *Sunday Morning*. But he concedes NPR can't afford only select pieces of the series produced in-house, rather than the more expensive freelance components. Similarly, Sue Neisgard, a BBC representative in Toronto, tried to persuade officials at Broadcasting House in Great Portland Street to purchase the radio edition of *Four Minutes by Robertson Davies*. But the Brits weren't able to finance the necessary few quid to near the end of their budget year.

Even so, much other CBC material ends up on BBC—music programs and Canadian dramas particularly. "In the latter case," says Stephen Hearst, controller of the BBC's Future Project Group in London, "we usually use the production as is, though sometimes we make slight changes if Canadian references in a play would be very obscure to the British audience." Hearst has recently met with lap CBC people in Canada to discuss common problems, and that has heard plenty of CBC Radio in situ. On the whole,

he speaks highly of it, as does one of Britain's top media critics. Seen Day Lewis of the *Daily Telegraph*. Day Lewis has written all CBC Radio's "deliberate solidarity" and "concentrated reputation in the drama and documentary fields are peculiarly."

Most such praise is so much gruff for the corporate ego spout outside the thrust of what the BBC's

causing Aet delves as the CBC's primary responsibility, that of explaining Canada playing Canada. But at the office building in Toronto where thirty radio executives meet, there is a special note of satisfaction these days. According to Gordon Hope, the director of public communication in English Services Radio and the spokesman for Radio West, responses have been received from several European broadcasting systems for more information so that they can translate the entire CBC Radio Week concept for their own use.

Many years ago, as over-enthusiasm in young men (me, I fear), warmed up the CBC by saying that it manages to incorporate the bad elements of the world's other state broadcasting agencies, combining, as it does, the crippling bureaucracy of the BBC with something like the budgetary problems of Radio Kana. How was not exactly fair or even accurate, if only because it failed to make allowance for the job done by the radio half of the CBC, which has managed to evolve every-



Just since 1971 as *As It Happens*. Canada's original phone-in show. Gordon Hope has won two ACMA awards. In 1976 he published a book about his experience on the program, entitled *As It Happens*.

one with an eye toward quality and cost-effective news.

And what of these current preppies at Hearst? CBC most would slightly exotic to them, although that alone cannot be the attraction. The likelihood, rather, is that they find the delicate balance of hard-core monetary information and diverting entertainment fills a gap they cannot fill else where on the dial.



As the World Goes by is an award-winning Toronto franchise under

SATURDAY MAY 9

6.00 a.m. RADIO
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM
Local News at 7 a.m.
News weather sports news and features produced for your area by one local news outlet.

6.00 a.m. RADIO
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM
Local News at 7 a.m.
News weather sports news and features produced for your area by one local news outlet.

6.00 a.m. RADIO
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM
Local News at 7 a.m.
News weather sports news and features produced for your area by one local news outlet.

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Local News at 7 a.m.
News weather sports news and features produced for your area by one local news outlet.

6.00 a.m. RADIO
LOCAL/REGIONAL PROGRAM
Local News at 7 a.m.
News weather sports news and features produced for your area by one local news outlet.

12.05 p.m. RADIO
12.05 p.m. RADIO
COOKS & QUARCS
Host JAY BINGHAM



12.05 p.m. RADIO
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COOKS & QUARCS
Host JAY BINGHAM

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Host JAY BINGHAM

12.05 p.m. RADIO
12.05 p.m. RADIO
COOKS & QUARCS
Host JAY BINGHAM

5.05 Stereo
REGIONAL MUSIC PROGRAM
News news and sports from your part of Canada, recorded especially for this program.

5.05 Stereo
REGIONAL MUSIC PROGRAM
News news and sports from your part of Canada, recorded especially for this program.

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REGIONAL MUSIC PROGRAM
News news and sports from your part of Canada, recorded especially for this program.

2.30 RADIO
R.S.V.P.
Local news and weather reports

3.04 Stereo
MONTREAL APRES-MIDI
A daily program of classical music presented with *Radio-Édition* in a *Phonix* of *Montreal* (see page 10)

4.04 RADIO
LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM
Local News Times
News and features for your area

4.04 Stereo
SOUND TRACK
Local news and weather reports

6.00 RADIO • STEREO
THE WORLD AT SIX
Canadian and world news

6.30 RADIO
AS IT RAPPERS
Local news and weather reports

6.30 Stereo
LISTEN TO THE MUSIC
Local news and weather reports

8.04 RADIO
VARIETY TONIGHT
Local news and weather reports

8.04 Stereo
STEREO MORNING
Local news and weather reports

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10.35 RADIO
MOSTLY MUSIC
Local news and weather reports

11.05 Stereo
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Local news and weather reports

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12.00 RADIO
LOCAL REGIONAL PROGRAM
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Local news and weather reports



THERE COULD NOT BE A MORE APPROPRIATE TIME TO TALK ABOUT CBC Radio than during the second annual Radio Week. Not could there be a more appropriate place to tell listeners about some of our plans for the future than in our new Radio Guide.

Listeners who remember the glorious names of our live shows broadcast from London, England, of the St. Paul's Silver Jubilee celebration will look forward to our next visit to the venerable cathedral. On July 29th if you paid ceremony of the royal wedding will be broadcast live and in stereo. CBC Radio is also providing coverage of the NASA space shuttle, the Canada Summer Games from Thunder Bay, and the economic summit in Ottawa. And on May 4, a fifteen part series on the Maastricht treaty began on CBC Stereo.

In response to the success of *Africa Week* broadcast from October 6 to 10 last year, CBC Stereo will repeat in part on CBC Radio, another major project of the past year has been planned. *Africa Week* was twenty hours of documentaries, drama, music, news commentary and popular entertainment designed to convey a fuller understanding of the richness and complexity of contemporary Africa. A program of this scope takes the better part of two years to organize and produce. We shall keep you in touch as we progress.

The continuing development of radio drama on our networks will bring you a thirteen-part science fiction series to begin in July. We consider *Star Wars* to be one of the best space odysseys ever produced for radio, and we expect that general listeners, as well as science fiction buffs, will agree. Also beginning in July, we will be broadcasting a new *New World* series. And we are planning to produce a true Canadian epic series.

Opera fans will be happy to learn that the coming fall will mark the beginning of a year-round series of international operas. The voices of stars like Luciano Pavarotti, Renée Fleming, Joan Sutherland and Jon Vickers will come to you not only from New York's Metropolitan Opera, but from concert halls throughout the world.

We plan to continue our emphasis on live concert and musical events. A masterpiece is being planned for Sunday night on Stereo that will include a selection of past festivals and concerts. *Variety Tonight* continues to broadcast live popular music. The excitement and spontaneity of performance are features of music we don't want listeners to miss.

Of course, talk of an exciting future would be incomplete without mentioning the many programs that will carry on their already proven success stories. As *Rhapsodies* and *Sunday Morning* have plans to improve their coverage of the national games, Japan and Germany. *Anthology* will continue its position as the premier literary program in Canada. *Steve Morison* and *Art National* will continue their traditional culture and entertainment, and *CBC Radio News* coverage will remain second to none. The highly successful children's program, *Anybody Home?*, which has provided a welcome bridge between our older and younger listeners, has been expanded.

These are just a few highlights from our plans—told in all about the fine things on our CBC Radio networks you need the Radio Guide.

Just as we are eager to let you know what is coming up on CBC, we're also eager to hear what you think of our programs. In future issues of *Radio Guide*, we'll be reserved for listeners' letters and comments. We look forward to hearing from you. And we hope that you are looking forward to hearing from us.

Clive Mason

CLIVE MASON, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF RADIO-ENGLISH SERVICES DIVISION

L I S T E N TO THE FINEST



4th 5000 Appalachians/Swing
Sheffield International \$9.95



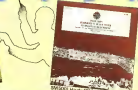
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Sheffield International \$9.95



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Atlantic Fiddling
collection \$19.95



Canadian Brass
Canadian Brass
collection \$19.95



4th 5000 Appalachians/Swing
Sheffield International \$9.95



4th 1000 The Planets
Sheffield International \$9.95



Atlantic Fiddling
Atlantic Fiddling
collection \$19.95



Peter and the Wolf
Peter and the Wolf
collection \$19.95

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er. But by the time they returned for their second home stand, they were an outcast. 17-1. And they were loving it. The clubhouse became a nightly scene for parties, games—mostly the "hot foot" where an arranger/piper or guitar/duo has challenges on five Mike Norris, Dave Renner and McCarty (who had the audacity to bring the beers at Martin's request) were the prime suspects.

"I was mad as hell when they got me," said Mack (Shooby) Baker, the 21-year-old rookie second baseman who jumped from Double-A ball into the A's starting lineup. "But I guess it was a way of being accepted. I started to see all sorts of guys on fire." Coach Jackie Moore, an early hot-dog victim, came up with a list of suspects including Prince Charles, Charles Manson and Muhammad Ali. "I'm narrowing it down," he snarled. "I want to get to the bottom of this problem." Martin found it all very amusing. His concern is how the players perform, and there have been few concerns to speak of. "Billy" was in full evidence with such plays as the batted-ball trick (it worked against Minnesota), the double steal and the suicide squeeze. But Martin seems to have an endless variety of historic plays, including the one where a runner on first intentionally falls down, drawing a thrower from the pitcher and allowing another runner to score from third. "The beauty of it is," said Norris, "you never know when Billy's going to pull something. He got some attention last year (manager Oakland is a newspaper fan) when the '79 team lost 108 games), but that was nothing. We understand Billy's system now. Where there were doubts, there is confidence. He's like a god on ice, the mascot."

Few have surpassed the A's regular score than Norris, strictly an ordinary pitcher (18-55 lifetime) until Martin and pitching coach Art Fowler took over. Suddenly, Norris was a Cy Young Award candidate (labeled it by some voters in *Esquire's* Best Sports) with a 22-9 record and 2.14 earned run average. In his first five starts this year, he was a perfect 5-0. "I think Norris shows a spirit—all of it," said the A's. "I said, 'Minnesota, Roy Smalley (Detroit) complaints from several teams, umpires have discovered no evidence of illegal pitches.' But Norris also has one of the best screwballs I've ever seen. It's the only right-handed in the league who has it, and it's just about unbeatable when he's on."

Complete games were the A's trademark last year. They set a record of 94, including 28 by Rick Langford, and this year he has been so different. Langford, McCarty and Matt Keough each completed his first four starts. Norris needed a reliever once, but only because he injured his shoulder in a bench-clearing fight. Brian Kingman came out of three games early, but his earned run average was a sparkling 1.30. "Statistically, we have to assume we won't pitch," said Craig Martin, one of the A's four relief pitchers. "We keep ourselves amazed in other ways. If somebody warms up three times in a game, that counts as an appearance."

A popular theory, suggested by TV scripter Tony Kubek and others, is that the A's complete-game tendencies will eventually wear down the pitcher's arm. "That's a bunch of bull," said Martin. "Nobody on our staff pitched 300 or more last year. Guys like Warren

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Norris in full attack: so many complete games the bullpen counts its war wounds



Spain and Robin Roberts used to do that all the time. It's the number of pitches that count, not complete games. Nobody realizes that Rick Langford throws 96, 98 pitches in a game, while most guys are around 125." Martin has his critics around baseball, the ones who say he will self-destruct before the year is out, but few doubt on his genius. The A's, after all, are not a team to rest. Virtually all of them were signed by Finley and played on that last-place team in 1979. That includes the outfield of Raulo Hendriksen, who stole a league record 130 bases last year, Dwyane Royster, who Martin feels is the game's best all-around centre fielder, and Arnis, who blasted seven home runs in

the first 21 games this year.

The difference in Martin—and his ownership that will tolerate his ascetic ways. That is the "owner," as such, but his son-in-law, the strongly athletic, 40-year-old Finley, runs the show. "I don't know what we were expecting after Finley," said Keough, "but Finley's just here as a way. We went from crazy old Charlie to this right young guy with all sorts of good ideas." As Hawn says, "Ray is the most talented man I know." A practicing lawyer, educator (he still teaches once a week at the University of California), athlete, crew coach, resort parent, married couple, he is a man who could design a house for you and build it from scratch. After Finley, with his next-to-nothing budget, the A's had to be rebuilt from scratch. Hendriksen made all the necessary moves, from the front office to the scoring department (the A's had no security under Finley) and added a few touches of his own. The A's clubhouse is now carpeted, with a plush recreation room for the players, and Martin has a large new office complete with a walk-in closet and television set. And in an efficient, quiet corner, Hendriksen signed most of the A's key players to long-term contracts. So, even if, ever, his baseball sense is a tad eccentric, his baseball sense is a tad eccentric. When a ticket crime comes up—involving an employee, friend, even a writer—Hendriksen personally takes care of it on the spot. With his multifaceted background, such words as "confidential" and "sensitive" creep into his conversations, yet he has been the baseball mind of a hard-core fanbase.

"Roy always loved baseball," says Wally Hawn, 30, the A's executive vice president. "Now he can go to every movie without people coming in to see him." Hendriksen says never be truly close to Martin, the street-wise scrap from nearby Berkeley, but their relationship is strong. "Whatever Billy has done in the past doesn't concern me," Hendriksen says. "Our relationship is strictly here in the Bay Area. He's a man who loves to teach, which puts on the same wavelength. It wasn't humorous but you must have understood."

Hendriksen not only understands Martin, he's fascinated by him. "I was watching our game on TV from Seattle the other day," Hendriksen said recently. "We were down 6-2 and sat looking at the scoreboard. It was a very good feeling about the game. Suddenly the owners passed the game to the doghouse. He wasn't doing anything—he was just sitting there. But suddenly I felt a whole lot better." Around the Bay Area, Hendriksen and Martin's relationship is the same way. ☐



Lewis and puppets entertaining Winnipeg's French horn section (left). Rogers with kids (below): "we are trouble"



Yaman, with wife and two raven-haired daughters in tow, showed up at a Washington dinner party last month. Throughout the cocktail chat, the child held steadily with a string of tartan beads. No, said Yaman, they were not religious beads—just something to break the tension. "Beads make me calm," he explained, "nothing can make me hurt."

"I was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous," recalls Theodore Arcand, Canada's ambassador to Lebanon, about a whimsical party he threw to celebrate his second year in service Beirut. A dinner guests, including his wife, Jennifer, and son Jean, is

gathered in an olive grove outside a Lebanese monastery on Valentine's Day to say Mom's champagne and rededicate the tomb of eccentric Englishwoman Lady Helen Stretcher (1876-1938). "She's a character who has always fascinated me," said Arcand, 44, about the niece of former British prime minister Winston Churchill. "Once she was crowned queen of Arabia and also had a Lebanese mountain community." Arcand, formerly an diplomatic service to the Holy See, Dar es-Salaam and Copenhagen, regrets that he did not serve food at the party, but "when you've got the wind blowing around you it's not the right place for manna." However, he did donate a new marble plaque for the tomb which was damaged during the civil war in 1975.

What could these pencil-out favorites King Friday and Lady Elaine Fairbanks possibly have in common with the hard-bitten businessmen of corporate boardrooms? Quite a lot, according to their creator, Fred Rogers (left). Fred Rogers' *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*, the toddler set's answer to the *Howdy Doos*, who sits on the board of a toy

company, time takes its toll on eccentric characters like Preston. The noble knight is wearing retirement age and King has arthritis. Roger nephew Jack, 25, of the Alaska State Troopers, a member who had his, Sherwood says, "believe in all the modern gadgets." Uncle Bill says "ho!" to modern conveniences. "He still believes in his dog sled as being the only tried and true way of getting in his mail." On a recent research trip to Whitehorse, Sherwood says, "I was pretty disillusioned that I wasn't in red serge and didn't patrol the Yukon by myself," laughed Whitehorse in his. **Barney Levy**, part of a 1960s member staff that operates out of a headquarters office so modern that it sports a heated floor in the basement dunk tank.

The honey, bartending of *The New Christy Minstrels* in the late 1960s approved the million-dollar career of Kenny Rogers, and saw another album, *Ron Canoe* in attempting to follow



up. Opting activity for when-line music entering to the middle of the road, Canoe wrote Rogers' No. 1 record album. *Gilders* and *deserted* with the softly country singer as *Don't Fall in Love With a Deceiver*. Now, in a totally different vein, she has a soaring success in the electro-bell sound of *Don't Give Up* on her gold album, *Missiles*. *Intimacy*. **Dr. Farida Davis** (last): commented on the movie, which describes the love attitude of a woman's selection of men. Though the female inside in the song is described as "pure as New York snow," Canoe maintains her music is just a reflection of the trend toward music degenerated as the new romanticism, or "people dressing up and

dancing." Despite her desire to escape the group-goody traps, Canoe finds the past difficult to escape. Rogers wants her to turn *Gilders* into a Broadway musical.

I was a most polite coming out by one of the most famous sports personalities in the world in a press conference in Los Angeles last Friday, a legend to women's tennis uttered words that will be remembered long after her recent 20 Wimbledon titles and her historic "Battle of the Sexes" match with *Molly Fagan* are forgotten. In response to a gallery was launched last week by *Monique Bernick*, 32, claiming an interview in a house in Malibu, Calif., and half the property acquired during a lesbian relationship, *Ellen Jean King*, 37, admitted having "an affair" with Bernick. "I made a mistake. I will assume that responsibility." King was accompanied by her parents and husband of 15 years, *Larry Bernick*, said that she began living with King in 1972 and that King prom-

ises his admiration. The long-sought scandal in *Man of Peace*, a 30-year-old Christian ball fond by *John Rogers* (Chicago) who's Adm purchased last November for \$17,000. This month, *Man of Peace* will take a \$4,900 flight to Egypt, where Adams hopes he will contribute to the improvement of existing



Canoe and friends dressed for dancing (left). *Sodet* (top) and *Man of Peace* in a gift that's a gift

needed to take care of her financial needs in return for her services as a companion and business associate. *Ellen Bernick*, who has been confined to a wheelchair since a fall from a balcony at the MGM beach house, King said she feels Bernick has violated her privacy by filing the suit. "I've known for some time that she is unstable," and King added that she hopes her fans will "try to understand." Her chief concern now is for her loved one. "This affects a lot of people," she said.

When *Nagayama*, President *Admiral* *Sodet* won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1978, Bernick, 61, had farmer *Ray Adams* began searching for a way to

cattle stock. Getting approval of the gift was no problem, but Adams took pains to make sure his goodwill gesture would have a suitable symbolic impact. "I chose the Christian because it is white, sweetest peace, and a bull because it is strong," he said. "I explain the cattle farmer, who raises some 18,000 animals every year. Since *Sodet* lives at the presidential palace in Cairo and does not have a farm of his own, *Man of Peace* will take up residence at a farm in his hometown, *Sodet Village*, *Saga Adams*. "When he gets off the plane there will be 40 or 50 farmers to greet him and the *Beast* feed in Egypt. I think he will be very happy."

—EDITED BY MARILYN DOUGLAS

A state of weary expectation

As IRA hunger striker Bobby Sands approached death, Ulster awaited the storm



British soldiers in Belfast: no evidence of impending doomday

By Robert Rodwell

Wearry expectation rather than high tension was the prevailing mood in both Catholic and Protestant areas of Belfast Saturday as Bobby Sands approached death on his 60th day without food. Beyond some apparent panic purchasing of food there was no evidence to support prophecies of an impending "doomsday" made by some of the fringe internationalist press, copies of which descended on the city, filling every hotel bed. There was little evidence either, though there was widespread alarm, for the earlier allegation by British Secretary of State Humphrey Atkins that as at least one area the Protestant (PA) was contemplating "executing" renews in other parts of the city, burning the engaged houses and, by throwing the blame on others, further fueling sectarian conflict.

Taken as a reference to the Short Strand, a small Catholic enclave in otherwise mainly Protestant east Belfast, this was dismissed as "barbaric" by the residents. "We are under no orders to evacuate and we are not stockpiling food for a siege either. Being all on the dole [social security], we haven't the money," said Short Strand's chairman. "We have all stayed here before, and we will sit this lot out too."

of the Vatican. Pope John Paul II met one of his two private secretaries—Major John Magee, an Ulsterman—with an appeal to Sands to abandon his fast outside. The British government facilitated Magee's mission, providing him with a bulletproof car, a plainclothes police escort and arrested access to the rapidly weakening Sands. Magee saw him three times and, individually, the three other hunger strikers, but returned to Rome Thursday with only the prayer that the Pope's appeal would be heeded in the prisoner's spirit with which it was accepted.

There seemed very little hope of this indeed, warned observers in Northern Ireland had been reasoned, even since Sands reduced the free-running opportunity offered by his April 5 election victory (O'Brien's, May 4), that he really was determined to fast to death. And that impression was only confirmed when the British Labour Party's



Bobby's mother, Roseanne (above left). No sister Michelle (below right) and Father Magee: 'we just kissed goodbye'

spokesman in Ulster, Don Conneson, saw Sands' fast, to stress that the opposition was firmly behind Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's refusal of political status. After seeing the hunger strikers, Conneson said Sands was determined to continue, was mentally very alert and had engaged him in lively political arguments. "He about a minute" Sands' election agent, unemployed schoolteacher Owen Curran, gave a less aggressive version after what he described as a last visit Friday. "He is likely to be dead within 24 hours. We just kissed goodbye," said Curran.

France

Running scared in the final stretch

Charles de Gaulle once said of him: "His problem, it's the people." De Gaulle's successor, Georges Pompidou, opened "It isn't that he thinks he is better than France. He doesn't think France is up to his size and intelligence."

Those put-downs of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing by his two predecessors seemed to be joined by a third this week, as France prepared for a presidential runoff which appeared to be less a matter of naming the most powerful chief of state in a Western democracy than of repelling the heathens of the man who now holds that office. After emerging from the first round last week only a three-per-cent winner ahead of his inoperative rival, Socialist leader François Mitterrand, Giscard was clearly running scared as he headed into the final stretch.

Crisscrossing the country far as many as three miles a day, complete with thunder-and-lightning film clips showing how he had captured France to calm and the international harricains, Giscard added his own best case

even, it will not be so much a case of the French voting for the Sorcerer versus a reflection of their hearty avowal with Giscard's stabilizing centre-rightism and his laughily autocratic personal style. As *Le Figaro* columnist Olivier Todd, once a Giscard booster, put it, "it's going to be very close and it will be decided on a completely irrational basis. The thing could change from day to day, depending on how much the franc or the stock market falls."

The disenchantment in all the main professions because Giscard swept into office after Pompidou's death in 1974 as the candidate of hope and reform, a do-beatnik who had characterized as a de-



Merchise (above): Giscard (right) and Mitterrand: highly personal style



French Juke F Kennedy. Now, however, he is also by the *Nouvel Observateur* as "the man who would be king," a phrase which insists on being served before his guests at state dinners, while wielding his already formidable powers with a detailed disregard for justice. A former finance minister who once extracted 100 million from his blackboard calculations, Giscard now finds himself pinned for the country's stagnating economy and its record 17 million unemployed.

To his aid comes the die-hard Gaullists—who have never forgotten him for contributing to the general's defeat 12 years ago in a repudiated referendum, and who took out quarter-page newspaper ads last week to remind voters of the

betrayal—Giscard had added some new ones. But the final time in history, France's estimated 400,000 4-week votes were cast in an angry black hat week, pushing Giscard not only for his last anti-Israel stand, but for his apparent unwillingness to the Jewish community's fears of local terrorism.

But the most effective stab may have come from his extreme right minister, Jacques Chirac, whose dynamic first-round campaign re-established the *Figaro*, once-Giscardian, prominence of nearly 18 per cent of the popular vote—as a force to be reckoned with Chirac's reluctant "personal" vote for Giscard was seen by many pundits in France—



where politics are seldom as their own—but a solid endorsement of Mitterrand, whom he has previously engaged as the winner. In fact, Mitterrand's triumph would best suit Chirac who could then play legitimate Opposition leader while, as the youngest of the major aspirants, still keeping his charmed presidential ambition alive for 1988.

Such cynicism was reflected by the voters who found themselves once more faced with the unknown of seven years earlier—a hint, Giscard-Mitterrand agreed to the final. They responded with half-filled milk balls and the prospect of resigned abstention. In fact, however, the same old faces could not have more different backgrounds. Giscard, at 55, springs from his bank boss—son—the product of the country's best schools and a family that made its fortunes in the colonies and its connections among the civil service elite. Mitterrand, the son of a Cugnots auto rifle magazine agent, is the ultimate petit bourgeois, the product of a farming realm who still tends to drinkery and oak trees on weekends in the southwest and had to be entrusted by image makers to doff his bow tie. Left bank intellectual acrobats and shod his baroque, bookish rhetoric for the TV cameras. The former stalwart of the Fourth Republic—he held six different cabinet posts—has also tossed down much of his program of proposed bank and business nationalizations. Once an opponent of the stu-



Lebanese parliament members

clear face of danger, he now endures it.

All this means that there are few political reasons for the French to reject Mitterrand, and while he suffers from many of the same personality traits as his rival—both are shy, self-centered, whose reserve often seems like plain arrogance—the Mitterrand-Giscard play-offs are less a choice of man than of societies—a left-right split that is as old as the republic and that Giscard himself once characterized as the “national schizophrenia.” In every post-war vote where the French seemed to be making headlong to the left, they have pulled back at the last minute and opted for the safe centre-right route. On May 16 Giscard will be hoping that just that national schizophrenia will once again be working in his favor.

—MARTIN McDONNELL

Lebanon

Unwritten rules, but whose?

Nouhad Klouay held his hands wide, tilted his head to one side and murmured softly. “We thought it would last forever.” He was remembering the good life he—an interior decorator—and other Lebanese Christians enjoyed before the violence that left 35,000 dead in a civil war six years ago and that last week seemed to be rapidly escalating once more. As Syrian troops—in the country as peace-keeping or, as the Christians see them, occupation forces since 1976—bombarded Christian towns in the north-west, Muslims and Christians exchanged sniper and artillery fire in Beirut. In support of the Christians, Israeli aircraft bombed Palestinian targets in the south and—in an unprecedented move dangerously close to an act of war—shot down two Syrian helicopters.

While Washington publicly called on

the Syrians to urge moderation as their Syrian allies and disclaimed any encouragement of the Israeli, Israeli efforts at securing a ceasefire continued. But Klouay, like thousands of other Lebanese caught up in the conflict, could only await the outcome in his bomb-damaged basement apartment close to the Green Lane—the unofficial border that separates Christian east Beirut from the Muslim west. He has little furniture left and what there is is covered with dust and fallen plaster. The windows have been blown out by rifle and artillery fire. Every day he waits until the fighting stops, then rushes upstairs to a deserted apartment to take a bath and make a cup of coffee.

Thus he drinks, as if on a stage from a particularly nightmarish Palestinian movie, while seated in the empty room listening to Israeli.

Klouay's Christian neighborhood, Ashrafieh, has been shelled almost constantly in the fighting that has claimed 400 lives since April 2 when the Syrians began shelling Zuhle, a Christian town 45 km east of Beirut. Zuhle was still under siege last week, although many of the shelling were taking place in the Syrian mountains, the highest ranges in Lebanon and a strategic point from which the Syrians could pour artillery fire onto the Christian Mediterranean port were around Beirut. The fighting



at the foot of the Samir range, to shoot down the two Syrian Mi-8 helicopters that were returning from operations against the Christians. Justifying the move, Prime Minister Michel Bdeir declared “The helicopters upset the status quo. We cannot stand by and see the Syrian occupy the Christians.” Whatever the reasoning behind it, however, the Israeli move and the Syrian response, the deployment of SAMs (surface-to-air missiles) in the Bekaa Valley, jangled nerves in Washington.



A Lebanese Christian looks for shelter in Beirut: a series of broken ceasefires.

had also spread from Zuhle to south Lebanon, where the Israelis and their allies, the Christian forces of Maj. Gen. Shafiq Haddad, attacked Palestinian camps and in a particularly savage display, shelled Sidon on Easter Sunday, killing 14 people and wounding 38 others.

Numerous attempts at ending hostilities had proved useless. Of the 34 ceasefires signed since April 2, some had lasted as long as 15 hours, others as short as 25 minutes. The latest was called Tuesday, when Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel-Hakim Khudziyeh arrived in Beirut to discuss peace with the Lebanese government and the warring Christian and Muslim factions. But even as negotiations went on, Israeli jets were sweeping into the Bekaa Val-

U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig termed the situation “very worrisome” and said it was being monitored around the clock by a crisis team.

In Beirut, too, the situation looked tense, though Arab and Western diplomats did not expect Israel to become further involved since the air strikes were seen as an election ploy by Begin that in Tel Aviv, while it was acknowledged that Begin could not appear to be backing down to the Syrians with an election due in June, other more serious considerations were raised. First, Israeli Christian allies were in danger, if not of “genocide,” as Begin said, at least of being reduced to political and military powerlessness. Second, and more important, Syrian domination over all of



SIX YEARS OLD AND SMOOTH AS SILK.



Chickens: SAME results in response

Lebanon—which was what the Israelis believed President Hafez Assad was really after—would give them the option of a second break in any new Arab-Israeli war and thus increased freedom of operation for Palestinian guerrillas. By bringing the Lebanese Christians, the Israelis charged, the Syrians had broken unwritten rules established between Damascus and Tel Aviv.

If so, there were signs those rules were being misused at week's end in Washington. Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin conferred with state department officials on how to defuse the crisis. In Tel Aviv, Begin went to some lengths to calm fears of outright war, and negotiations continued to achieve a de-escalation of spirals of defiance that would permit Nicolas Keffay and thousands of his compatriots in the war-torn country to return to a more peaceful mode of existence.

—SEAN TIGAN

Photo from *NY Times* in London.

South Africa

A victory but no verdict

What Prime Minister P.W. Botha elected from the South Africa electorate was a clear message. What he got, in last week's general (white) election, was more from Botha, whose National Party took 54.4 of the 165 seats in 1977, 44.6% need any more 37% and his mandate still had more than a year to run. But he hoped for help in devising which way to turn—gradually to improve the lot of South Africa's 25 million nonwhites, or to maintain Africa's final bastion of white supremacy—and the electorate let him down. It, too, he discovered, can't make up its mind.

No one seriously expected the Nats to lose the election after 38 years in power. But the campaign produced quantities of possible threats from the left and

right that proved antithetical as election night. True, the Progressive Federal Party (PFP) under Opposition leader Frederik van Wyk Sliebert—moderate by Canadian standards but still to the left in South Africa's en-strengthened political spectrum—improved its standing from 17 to 26 seats. And the former rightist Nats' Nationalist Party (NP) (THE LAND IS OUR LAND) showed the election posters showing a white family suspended on a way of South Africa got five times the support it drew in 1977, though it still didn't win a seat. But Botha's Nats hung onto a

majority to advise on constitutional reforms to help nonwhites, but it had not appointed any Blacks to the cabinet. And then there was the "separation of states," the latest Nat jargon for what used to be called homelands or Bantustans, the badly discredited foundation for the party's apartheid program. In recent years Pretoria has granted "independence" to three of these black territories—Tswana and Bophuthatsets in the north and Transkei in the southeast—and Botha recommended himself to the concept. But while the government had hoped that by now



Botha (left): Tutsi search for a candidate who little to clear the indigenous air

comfortable 521 seats, losing only one "star" candidate, industry and Commerce Minister Dries van Wilgen.

"We want advice ourselves to be taken around," declared Botha's lawyer in a victory statement. "The opposition can't decide our pace for us, the National Party has decided its own pace." But it was clear from the results that the party, that prompted Botha, with expectation at bursting point at home and abroad, to retreat in January into the comparative security of an election campaign. Now, with nothing in the election results to give particular heart to one side or the other, those disagreements are still there, and so are the disagreements. Botha's government, for instance, had created a "president's

there would have been a huge population shift into the 16 homelands, blacks are still being driven to the major industrial centers by the prospect of work. What's more, not one foreign country has seen fit to recognize the state's nationhood.

To nonwhites, the election was at best a distraction, more likely an irrelevance. "The black view is that the whole election exercise is one of futility," commented Bishop Desmond Tutu of the South Africa Council of Churches who had just left his passport withdrawn for criticizing South Africa's apartheid. And there was the telling dismissal of a black dry cleaning worker, now Johannesburg, David Mafela, who caught a young Conservative Association leader pulling down PFP posters and turned him in. Asked why he bothered, Mafela replied, "I don't care who was the election, but for a fact." Was the prime minister looking for a message?

—ROBERT MARSHALL

U.S.A.

Boll weevils of a political breed

Southern Democrats wield renewed political clout



By Michael Posner

The U.S. department of agriculture recently reported that boll weevils are making a comeback. It has in mind these pernicious little larvae that feed on cotton bolls in the American South. 50 years ago, the economic fate of the cotton belt was effectively ruled by the boll weevil. Two generations later, the birth of the cure American economy may ultimately be determined by another pest of boll weevils—the political species—44 southern Democrats holding the balance of power in the House of Representatives. Depending on how they vote this week, the Washington boll weevils will decide whether the president's economic recovery program (PFR) goes to harvest or whether it will be nibbled at, prevented, until the crop is destroyed.

This is not the first time southern Democrats have marshaled power. During the 1960s, these models of conservative dress and conservative values made Dwight Eisenhower's political life a lot easier. Then, as now, Democrats held a majority in the House (and not the Senate), but the margin was such that as many as seven of the boll weevils, crossing party lines to vote, were able to throw victory to the Republicans.

Reinold Reagan is happy to achieve



the same result and he has been using all the tricks in his vast repertoire of charm to lure Democrats to his side. The presidential Intranquility has included dinner invitations, box seats at the Kennedy Center, personal phone calls and of course the show-stopping act—Reagan's address last week in a joint session of Congress. The only president ever to survive an assassin's bullet, Reagan looked thinner and weaker than before the attack. But it was a brilliant performance nonetheless—the Gipper reemerged—and Congress gave him a welcome that bordered on reverence. Just back from their Kaiser recess, the politicians may have been re-

flecting the mood of the country. Recent polls suggest that more than two-thirds of the nation opposes the war. Reagan is presiding. The Water Gusher strategy is to partly that popularity into pressure on Capitol Hill, when all the folks in Shagunak, Minn. are telling their congressmen to support the president. It is an independent politician who falls to notes.

The vote this week in the House will disclose who is listening to whom. Obviously, it is about budgets—setting spending and deficit limits for fiscal year 1982 (which begins Oct. 1). In fact, a great deal more is at stake. The economic recovery program is less a conservative than a revanchist document, calling for radical changes in how the federal government conducts business. With a firm foot on the spending brakes and one sharp twist of the wheel, the Reagan administration is attempting to turn the nation around economically. The president told Congress last week that the PFR "is there to answer that we have left."

Most Democrats do not accept that theme, and they reject the White House's efforts to make them surrender so meekly. "It is not the duty of the Congress not to think," warned James

Hagman (below). Democrats center with House Speaker Tip O'Neill (far right). It is not the duty of the Congress not to think.

James, chairman of the House budget committee. Jones, an able California, is the architect of the only serious alternative to the Reagan budget proposal; he plan modest step about \$4.8 billion from defense allocations, 50 cents for food stamps, child nutrition, Medicaid and college assistance programs and create a \$300-billion deficit in 1982. That's a smaller debt than is projected by the Gramm-Rudman bill—the House measure that incorporates the president's proposed tax and budget cuts.

Like the economy, however, the Democrats are being—disappointed, disappointed and functionally leaderless. In a

"With only 1.7 million people excluded to vote on a bond of \$1 million, and with a turnout of 60 per cent, that number is considered by a good deal of 1977 still totally not for the National Party."

speech recently to students at Loyola University, Democratic Congressman Henry Reuss conceded that Jones's alternative was not unlike the party itself. "A pole and somewhat more human imitation of the Republican program—a little tougher on fat cats, a little easier on thin cats, and a bit more responsible about the deficit. In short, an improvement, if hardly a call to the barricades." Even if the Jones measure manages to scrape through the House, it would still authorize the largest peacetime increase of defense spending in American history and the virtual emasculation of Washington's ability to effect social change through budget allocations.

The White House is pushing the "bipartisan" Gramm-Leach bill, which allows for the reintroduction of three-year Kemp-Roth tax cuts. But Representative Jim Leach, who introduced the bill, says it is an "incomplete" measure, and that Gramm, the Texas Democratic congressman, is considered by most observers an excellent example of the bill's "weasel" phenomenon in politics—as conservative as a banker's conservatism and just about as cunning. His 1982 deficit is larger than some southern Democrats would like to see (\$38.9 billion), but then, as Republican Congressman Jack Kemp declared the other day, "We don't workup any longer at the shrine of a balanced budget." The new administration, on this score, is expected to confirm, has moved up the street a bit—an old man in an oval office who has become, for better or worse, the waste of American hope. ☐

The limits of permissiveness

The diners under the palms of New York's elegant Plaza Hotel may not have realized it, but one of the grandest scenes in psychoanalytic history was just a floor away last week. The ongoing sessions of the International Congress of Psychoanalysis were swarming with paparazzi, both domestic and imported, as international as any sex war list. The news, too, was varied. In one room, Italian film director Pier Paolo Pasolini expounded on "permissiveness" while next door a mock Cambridge doc made a scholarly examination of the difference between rape and seduction. Later there was a session on erotic French fairy tales, and down the hall a squad of black-clad film snipers, the "no more war girls," crashed the party with an impromptu anti-abortion demonstration. One of them later expressed relief that the guards hadn't mistaken them for "some kind of terrorist group or something." The subject of the conference was "Sex



Xenakis (above), Wertheimer (right) and Wertheimer, rape and seduction



Xenakis (above), Wertheimer (right) and Wertheimer, rape and seduction



and Language," but not all the participants managed to avoid much interest. Several Greek composer Iannis Xenakis gave a long abstract presentation that scarcely avoided all reference to either permissiveness, either that to note that man has a "necessity to cling to movement outside time."

The godfather and ringleader of the event was Armando Verdiglione, who founded the congress' sponsoring organization, the International Freudian Movement, in 1973 in Milan. Verdiglione, who sports a brilliant pompadour and is seldom seen without a Gotti-style Freudian cigar, is the author of *Psychoanalysis: The Adventure That Is After It*. He also serves as editor-in-chief of Spanish, which describes itself as an "international magazine of culture" and offers articles with learned titles such as *PSYCHOMATHEMATICS*. The magazine lists more than 400 "collaborators," including some of the

leading intellectual lights of Europe and North America, as its readership, and it was a group of these—from them film director Federico Fellini, former congressman Bella Abzug and poet Allen Ginsberg—who were to be the biggest driving cards to the congress. Their putative presence was lavishly advertised the cost of the full-page ads that listed the names of the 300-plus participants in *The New York Times* and *The Village Voice* must have run into tens of thousands of dollars. But by the end of the first morning's presentations it was clear that the organizers had paid more attention to their publicity than to their work.

One panel leader, Abrar Robert Altman, Alan Robbe-Griffin, Bob Gerson, Gay Talese and John Simon among its participants. But none were anywhere to be seen, and it was a much smaller panel that finally settled down to business. Verdiglione's assistant merely shrugged that they expected only two-thirds of the speakers to show up, and the organizers must have been misled by the sale of about 1,300 subscriptions to the conference at the hefty fee of \$40 apiece, even if there were rumors that the subscriptions alone weren't going to be enough to foot the bill, and that Italian architectural and design firms, among others, were being dunned for a contribution. In any case, at the heart of the confusion—which was the congress' but, with drinks going for \$20 a shot—the question most frequent, asked was not how much it cost, or where the money came from, but simply was it worth it? Verdiglione obviously thought it was. —Anna Nathan

BUSINESS

A flame for the setting sun

The prospect of selling natural gas to Japan has drawn a swarm of consortiums

First coal. Now gas. Scarcely this season's hot new energy projects seem to be centered on the coast of British Columbia. While the provincial government dreams of megaprojects from increased sales of natural gas, rival teams of experts have been surveying harbor sites near Prince Rupert and preparing applications for multi-billion-dollar deals. Liquefied natural gas (LNG) is the key element, and four private consortiums are trying to win the right to ship the stuff to energy-poor Japan.

That possibility, long dismissed as too expensive, is an idea whose time has come, particularly with traditional markets in the United States suffering as Americans find new fields. Because of the enormous costs involved in LNG—building a pipeline, gas liquefaction plant and shipping the gas—the contest for the line project likely to be approved seems more like shadowboxing than a fight to the finish. In fact, today's competitors could be tomorrow's partners sharing both expenditures and profits.

So it came as no surprise when Wilbert Hopper, chairman of Petro Canada, and in Vancouver last week that the various projects might merge. Petro, in a consortium together with Westcoast Transportation, the province's major gas pipeline company, and Mitsui & Co., a Japanese trading company, is already one of the main contenders for an LNG plant. They have formed the Rio Gas Project, a \$1.4-billion plan to

liquify and ship 200 million cubic feet of gas to Japanese utility companies, beginning in 1991.

But it appears Rio could merge its proposal with that of Dome Petroleum Ltd. of Calgary. The Dome project, larger than Rio's, calls for a \$2.4-billion investment that would send 400 million cubic feet of gas going daily to Japan by 1988. To sweeten its offer, Dome plans to construct the hulls of four LNG tankers in Canada, despite criticism that such a shipyard on the West Coast would be a money-loser because of the high cost of labor and the need to use imported steel. Hopper and Dome's President Bill Richards haven't officially said down to talk about merging their proposals but there have been informal discussions.

All that would seem to leave the two other bidders, Norcan Energy Resources Ltd. of Toronto and Carter Oil & Gas Ltd. of Vancouver, out in the cold. Norcan has announced significant interest in building an LNG plant in B.C. but hasn't said where it would be. The company's quantity in this race is Carter Oil, persuaded by its president, Bob Carter, a veteran of the high-milling oil and gas business for less than four years. Carter emerged from a past as a bus driver and undercover drug squad member in 1978 to put together a deal buying the Alberta assets of an American firm for \$122 million. He has invested more than \$1 million in a plan to export 500 million cubic feet of gas a day to Japan and expects to have his



A supertanker off-loading LNG (above) and (below, left to right) Carter, Hopper, and Richards: more like shadowboxing than a fight to the finish over LNG



prospects in by the end of May for a \$1-billion package. His pipeline goals—the Enbridge, running from Western Canada to Prince Rupert—would be filled with gas from independent B.C. producers unlike the other holders. Says Carter, "Where's the benefit for B.C. if the gas is from the Arctic or Alberta?" It's a charge denied by both Westcoast and Dome, who say they would give priority to B.C. gas.

Setting aside, the successful applicant will have to convince the National Energy Board (NEB) that the gas found for Japan is surplus to Canadian domestic requirements and leave for a long enough time to pay off the huge costs of the project. Meanwhile, Art Wilton, vice-president of sales for Westcoast, is getting ready for a fight with environmentalists worried about floating bombs off the West Coast. That could be tougher than winning NEB approval.

—MALCOLM GRAY

Adding heat to the topic of Canso

From a fishing trip two years ago that plunged the company headlong into one of the most grubby, bottles ever waged in Canada, United Canso Oil & Gas Ltd. appears likely to emerge as one of the Canadian firms sending most energy for profits in the competitive world energy market. Last week, the mother-and-daughter-based company (1980 assets, \$74 million) made the first farming case it had generated and shelved last fall, snatching the famous U.S. Buckley study from canary territory—by offering \$160 million for three Canadian subsidiaries of

"In addition to New York, Vancouver and Fort McMurray, the Buckley study finds that the following provinces have the most potential for oil and gas: Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland."

Interest irates

It all adds up to somewhat confusing news on the economic front. First comes April's ray of bloom from The Conference Board of Canada. "The latest quarterly provincial forecast predicts improved economic growth for virtually all parts of the country in 1981." In the preexisting U.S. first quarter growth, too, seemed little last month, exceeded all expectations by indicating that the tamed recovery of 1981 was well under way.

Then came the interest rate blow. Two weeks ago the Canadian bank rate nudged upward to a new record high, and last week it pushed higher still, inflating the chartered bank prime



Werner Dohy shifts lower John Buckley, joining Canso's hopes on the outlook

Great Basin Petroleum Co. of Los Angeles. The offer, almost certain to gain Great Basin' shareholders' approval, gives United Canso two reasons to celebrate after years of passive Buckley management.

Great Basin' wells, primarily in Alberta, will generate the cash flow United Canso needs to tap its extensive holdings in Australia and the U.S. The sweetener, a \$50-million convertible debenture issue with which United Canso will partially finance the purchase, is expected to boost the company's percentage of Canadian-owned shares from the present 35 per cent level to 45 per cent. This will certainly put Canso in line for increased petroleum royalty payments under the federal National Energy Program guidelines.

It's the kind of aggressive posture that oil consultant John Dohy and oil broker Tom Jacobsen, now Canso's two senior executives, viewed as Dohy's fishing camp 160 km north of Rainbow, B.C., in May, 1979, and man-

taged during the snow-curt battle with the Buckley group of directors in 1980 when United Canso lost some \$4 million. The battle continues as the Buckley group is asked to accept a deal not brought by United Canso's delayed decision over the alleged fraud that skimmed \$4.1 million in oil royalties following the sale of Canso's North Sea oil rights.

And, in spite of the vanguard director's reluctance to part with company assets and revenues that Dohy says have proved efforts to get the company back on its feet, United Canso showed a tidy \$1.5-million profit in the first quarter of 1981, while shares have doubled from their 1980 value of \$14. "The Buckley group and all the [oil] brokers," Dohy says of the company's past loss in each of the past five years. But what United Canso really needs now is a hefty new oil strike. Among possible sites is the Australian outback, where the company's fishing continues in the hope that oil lurks below. —DAVID CROWLEY

more up-lookup alongside to maintain investor interest on the dollar would almost surely slide—to 80 cents or lower. For several golden months late last year, when U.S. rates reached their punishing high of 22.5 per cent, the Bank of Canada was able to ignore the stockpiling theory because of surging investor interest in Canadian energy stocks. But so now.

"The trouble with central banks," as Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bessy recently observed, "is that they try to ride three horses at once—the money supply horse, the exchange rate horse and the interest rate horse." Some may be wondering whether the fourth horseman of the apocalypse is more than a windy way.

—ANTHONY WILTON/STREET

TELEVISION

Panning for fool's gold



Werner Dohy shifts lower John Buckley, joining Canso's hopes on the outlook

TALES OF THE KLONDIKE
CBC, May 2 to June 7

Jack London sailed for the Klondike from the docks of San Francisco a 20-year-old poor boy looking for the one break that would lift him. He climbed the Chilkoot Pass with the thousands, pining as much of his own gear as he could because the Indian police were charging 50 cents a pound to carry it. Once over the pass, he built a boat and sailed it down to Dawson City. London staked a claim or two but the glittery stuff eluded him. He mined instead the bars of Dawson City, collecting tales of greed and winter madness, alcohol and revenge. "I never realized a cent from any properties, up there," he later wrote. "Still, I have been managing to pan out a living ever since on the strength of the trip."

London's mythmaking about the North was true gold. The early collections of Yukon tales and his most famous novel, *The Call of the Wild*, brought him and the best side of man into local-colour fiction, with nature the cause of the accident. But only one of the first three episodes of *Tales of the Klondike*, eight-part series from Norfolk Communications, pans out at 100-per-cent London. The others only manage to raise the ghastly spectre of Dangerous Dan McGrew.

First, the fool's gold. *The One Thousand Dollars*, the premiere episode, is the tale of David Bannerman, a Goldfield Seattle clerk whose gold fever strikes in an unlikely form—apparently while he will make him rich, however, he knows, if he can get them to Dawson. The



LE CAPESTEL
EZE bond de mer

Le Cap Estel
A lot of the
country goes on the
Clos d'Azur. On the shores
lovely by the Eastern Coast. Knapdale



Seen in
some of the
best places.

Smooth
Mellow
Gentle...
The toast of
connoisseurs
everywhere.

Asbach
Uralt

One of the world's great brandies.

INTRODUCING THE TOYOTA CRESSIDA EXECUTIVE.

The new Cressida Executive. It's what life at the top should be.

The new Cressida offers a life of luxury, convenience and handling that sets it apart from any other luxury car, import or domestic. It includes standard features you won't find on other luxury cars costing thousands of dollars more.

Cressida offers standard reclining bucket seats with lumbar support—not available even as an option on a Cadillac. Standard power steering and 6-position tilt steering wheel—options not available on the BMW 320i. And for economical performance, Cressida has a

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More Standard Features: 2.8 liter electronically fuel injected engine • power windows • power door locks • rich velvet upholstery • AM/FM/PA Stereo, 4-speaker radio with electronic search • power antenna • cruise control • climate control • digital quartz clock with date • adjustable headrests, fore and aft, and more.

The new Cressida Executive. Now even those at the top can own a Toyota.

See your Toyota dealer about buying or leasing one today.

Graphic equalizer, cassette and aluminum wheels shown are optional.



LIFE AT THE TOP.

TOYOTA



story strikes an uneasy balance between humor and the hardship Rosamunde (Neil Munn) is willing to suffer for his dream. The tv adaptation can't walk that line, Rosamunde's trials never become real whereas his ridiculousness does. His struggle at the piano is conveyed in a brief full climb fleshed out by a panorama of stiffs from the National Archives. A photographer must be the one reasonable foil for Rosamunde's madhouse ringo-false as played by Ray Whelan with a Swedish accent as rotten as the eggs become by the time they reach Devon. The voice-



Hylands (left) and Curran: men finding their souls by strange rules

over, Jack London by Orion. Well, as ours is recently that we have seen the story of "a man with one idea, and when it came it mastered him, took him 1,000 miles, and left him alone and hopeless." Only the voice-over tells us so.

London himself had fallen when he tried to turn *Down of Women* into a play—the adaptation by Robert Curran and director Claude Fawcett follows for the same reason. Stripped of passages about man and "the divided mind cold," the terrors of the author as in *Devotion*. City became inconsequential, unfunny. Linda Sherman as the resilient Mrs. Eggegravel and Kerrie Kewse as dancing girl Freda McLeod come very close to being the "man-subsiding machines" who polarize the town. But Tom Butler, as the strack-rich owner of Fawcett's den, overlaps dumb with eye rolling and mugging and a funny hat with far curls. The comedy remains even the bare door marked "Robert Service."

So it's left for the best of London's Yukon stories. Is a *For Country* to become the best of this trip for TV. A spoiled odd couple of gold-rushers are caught for the winter in a cabin whose furnace occupies rest in two graves outside the door. Giffert (Robert Curran) is preppy, likes poetry and keeping his hands clean, Weatherbee (Scott Hylands) is a naive woman who longs for white sugar more than gold. Their arguments are at first childish, a game of who's bigger when. But as the long dark closes down, children turn into more dangerous beasts, and a fight over sugar destroys them both. Civilization could be swept away in a moment, London knew, "where men work out their souls by strange rules." His trip to the North had taught him that one rule prevailed above all: "Nature did not care. To life she set no task, gave over law. To perpetuate was the task of life, its rule was death." Watch the foolish faces of Giffert and Weatherbee as they watch the first false dawn.

—ANNE COLLINS

EDUCATION

A battle over a manner of speaking

The inventor of *Blissymbolics* is suing the institute that made his picture language famous

By Ian Allaby

The sole means of communication for Russell Curran, 28, a victim of cerebral palsy, is an ingenious picture-writing system known as "Blissymbolics." He "talks" to his companions in a group home near Hamilton, Ont., by pointing, although with some difficulty, to the 200 symbols on a display board. For Curran and approximately 2,000 similarly disabled Canadians, this convenient means of communication may soon be endangered. A case pending before the Supreme Court of Ontario is threatening its future use as an educational tool by the Toronto-based Blissymbolics Communication Institute (BI). The organization that has spread the system to all continents is now locked in a struggle for control over the "language" with its inventor, Charles Bliss. Says he: "I alone must be in charge of my symbols."

At the root of the dispute is BI's alleged unauthorized propagation of approximately 200 new symbol combinations and abbreviations. After issuing a warning to the institute of its transgressions, Bliss, who now lives in Sydney, Australia, sued BI for

McNaughton (below) with student bearing the brunt of the criticism



\$70,000 in damages and sought an injunction barring the teaching of his system. But he is presently stymied by the fact that his language has lost its original purpose: pure, uncorrupted communication.

A Nazi concentration camp survivor, Bliss, 68, had witnessed how the Nazis used "word-painting" to pass their way to power. In order to create a language that could never be used as a



Curran (above), Bliss, and combinations of symbols (below). As I demand is that my symbols be used the way God has given them to me



damaged symbol or "elements of meaning," four chemical components, are combined to create more complex figures. The symbols for water, for example, is a short wavy line. When an arrow pointing down is superimposed over the line, the new diagram signifies rain; conversely, an arrow pointing up denotes steam. Combining the symbols of rain and sea forms yet another concept—swathes. Bliss claims that the system can embrace simple ideas as well as abstract meanings, thereby equaling the complexities of any spoken language.

His system went unnoticed, however, until 1951 when BI Director Shirley McNaughton, then a teacher working with cerebral pained children in Toronto, discovered Blissymbolics and attempted to affix them to her own students with her disabled students. Bliss was elated when McNaughton informed him of her success with the system. But their relationship soured when Bliss concluded that his language was being misused.

Bliss sensed not of "felicitous drawing"

propaganda weapon, he designed a unique linguistic code that he believed could ultimately permit permanent. A statement like "The Poins are an inferior race" would be obviously judgmental in Blissymbolics writing since evaluations inherent in words such as "inferior" require special markers that signal clear subjective origins.

For the most part, however, the language is remarkably simple. A few fan-

These coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

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The coffee is better tasting coffee, and we created finer coffee coffee.

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Melitta

The coffee maker's coffeemaker.

The coffee maker's coffeemaker.

ADVERTISING

Clerical persuasions

Ads using clergy to pitch products get mixed reviews

Largest mass donors to the camera rooms in the face of three years who chemically stink to the superior quality of Cadet Cleaners, One, in a heavy Scott Apat, cranks, "They get my clothes immaculate!" "You could say," puts another, "in Cadet as trust." Giggling, the trio deposits its hands and scurries off, while the voice-over intones, "Cadet... quality cleaning second to none."

The ad has been touting the merits of the Toronto dry cleaning chain for two months, but it's only the latest in a series of clerical pitches to various

hospitals and are authorities on waste disposal. And the restaurants that her occupations is shared by almost every was the lower Sister Jean Smith, executive secretary of the Canadian Religious Conference in Ontario, has even filed a protest with Cadet advertising to the "counter-gospel values" embodied in the line "in Cadet we trust." While her objections have not succeeded, she's complained from the pulpit that the ad is unorthodox and is bad taste have already reached the archdiocese.

In terms of sex product popularity, however, clerical commercials appear to

Cadet ad (left), birth in nun's garb processing the ad's "three important facts" and counter-gospel values



goods and services. A cruetty laptop and its carafe discover a during new version of Kellings's Core Fishes, a record book introduces Xerox technology to the abby written. And an entire content of sisters is saved by Klemm's Advertisers are unwilling to call it a trend, but Mark Levine, creative supervisor of Toronto's Grey Advertising, who helped conceive the Cadet ad, admits that clerics have recently gained a significant symbolic appeal as conservative and skeptical consumers in the case of Cadet, says Levine, was symbolic "the ultimate clean people."

"But it's time to say enough is enough," declares Sister Mary Jo Leblond, editor of the *Catholic New Times*, a national weekly. She finds the Cadet ad particularly offensive because it presents clerics as "invest, sagely, calm and utterly irrelevant" at a time when sisters serve as prison chaplains, run

be working "Barbours has been good," grim Bernice Lewis, Cadet's general manager, "better than last year." And the award-winning Xerox commercial, far from causing the loss of the church community, have placed Jack Eagle, who plays Brother Damien, on the rubber-chicken lecture circuit of church conferences.

As more commercials featuring clerics appear (McGraw-Hill's Advertising has proposed using nuns to pitch a new cable TV converter), cautious advertisers are now consulting clergy on matters of taste. If only a token gesture to win back a God's as their side.

—KIM NICHOLSON

HEALTH

More birth control blues

A study on spermicidal contraceptive hazards is under fire

In the past few years, an increasing number of women, unwilling or unable to tolerate the side effects of birth control methods such as the Pill and the IUD, have been returning to the old-fashioned spermicidal contraceptive—vaginal foams, creams, suppositories and jellies—gladly trading off decreased reliability for renewed physical safety. Now a Boston study undermines this rationale, concluding that women who become pregnant while using spermicides have double the normal rate of miscarriages and twice as many children with congenital birth defects. However, both backpedaling by the study's authors and outcries from other contraceptive experts suggest there's less cause for alarm than recent press reports have indicated. Says the report's author, Dr. Heriberto Bhatt, associate professor of medicine at Boston University: "There are enough unknowns to raise doubts about a causal connection between these agents and the disorders noted."

Working under the auspices of the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, Bhatt and his associates checked the medical records of 4,772 women at a Boston health co-operative. All had given birth. Of the 761 infants whose mothers had filed a prescription for spermicides within 30 months before conception, 2.2 per cent were born with serious congenital defects, compared to one per cent of the children whose mothers did not use spermicides. The study also found the incidence of spontaneous miscarriages that required hospitalization was 3.5 per cent among spermicide users and only two per cent among nonusers. The researchers then found that four types of birth defects occurred in infants born to spermicide users—deformed and missing limbs, Down's syndrome, congenital heart and malformed urethras. The two sperm-killing compounds involved, octoxynol and nonoxonyl, are used in virtually all spermicidal contraceptives. Sensitive is the anxiety that the Bos-



Spermicide ad decreased reliability

ton findings could create, Dr. Carl Bopp, executive secretary of the committee on reproductive physiology at the federal health protection branch, admits researchers are aware these compounds can produce embryonic or genetic alterations. "However, there's been practically nothing written on it so far," says



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Please, help improve our success rate. Donate money for research, or pledge your kidneys for transplant, through your local Kidney Foundation.



Kidney Foundation of Canada

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So, how do you solve it?

If you're really ingenious you build one of the world's largest floating basements—construct a 20-metre tall building on ice—and tow the whole thing down the St. Lawrence River, around the coast of Labrador

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Well, you're on the site of the world's most northerly mine.

Believe it or not, the idea works. The 10-metre long steel barge is already

completed and the plant is now being assembled on it. By this fall it'll be on its way. It's a story of Canadian ingenuity we thought you should know.

We're the men and women who work our country's mines.

We thought you should know.

THE MINING ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

When you need a little guidance or help, think of us as friends of the family.



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Rpod, whose committee is preparing a report on spermicides due to their growing popularity. "We will certainly take this study into consideration before anything is published," he adds. But he does question the significance of the study's findings about birth defects. The average rate of birth defects in the normal population runs between two and three per cent—a higher rate than Jick found with spermicide users.

Not surprisingly, Dr. Martin Towner, the medical director of Ortho Pharmaceuticals (Canada) Ltd., a manufacturer of the implicated compounds, is critical of the study's conclusions. "These products are quite safe," he claims. "They have been tested extensively for these side effects and have been on the market in North America for more than 30 years." Towner charges that Jick based his statistics by failing to include women who had a voluntary abortion or a miscarriage that did not require hospitalization. A more serious criticism, says Towner, is the study's failure to consider other causes of congenital defects—alcohol, smoking, other drug consumption and the environment.

Jick himself admits to flaws in his research. While the study did ascertain that the users filed a prescription for spermicides, it did not confirm that they in fact used the products. Nor can Jick guarantee that women claimed as nonusers didn't buy over-the-counter spermicides. "And we don't know when they used them in relation to the time of their pregnancy," says Jick. "The precise time of exposure is a key question."

The answer is essential for establishing what, if any, the risk period of exposure might be, as well as explaining how spermicides might cause birth defects. One possibility is that sperm that has been damaged, but not killed and still left in the cervix and cause subsequent abnormal fuses in the fetus. Or, if a woman unwittingly continues to use spermicide after conception, the contraceptive could damage the fertilized egg. Finally, there has been some evidence that spermicides are absorbed through the vaginal wall into the bloodstream, possibly causing damage to the ovum before conception. Even if Jick's observations turn out to be valid, he claims a spermicide user runs a negligible risk of producing a deformed baby; of the one to two per cent of women who get pregnant, only two per cent of their babies would have a defect.

But risk can be reduced even further, says Rpod, by using a spermicide in conjunction together with the spermicide for "double protection." Until further research clarifies the potential risks, Towner advises that women who do get pregnant while on spermicides should do so more than reflect the family physician. —PETER DE VRIES

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Profiting from equal partnership

Demand for skilled professionals and career-minded women is promoting corporate couples

By Mary Sheppard

Competitiveness means business for commerce graduates Greg and Val Smith. Husband and wife accountants in the Toronto head office of Clarkson Gordon, the pair often works at adjacent desks. "We knew we had a lot to offer as a team," recalls Greg Smith of their dual entry into the job market in 1979. "The question was, would employers believe us?" For Peter Adamson, who hired the Smiths (and 12 other couples), the answer was simple. "Both were excellent job candidates and we couldn't afford to pass up either one."

A few years ago, company strictures often barred couples from working together. Now Bob Bonfield, executive director of the Personnel Association of Toronto, reports "a general loosening up of the straitened rules." The government took the lead before 1961: there were virtually no married couples in the department of external affairs foreign service divisions, which today posts 41 couples abroad, and few married women in the Canadian Armed Forces, which now has more than 2,500 enlisted couples stationed around the world. But the insurance, banking, retail and oil businesses are following suit. Gulf Canada, for example, will review its bias as relatives within a year. "Our policy is causing as problems with attracting good people," admits John Leitch, director of human resources in Calgary.

Dicks and Dave Dicks study plans for their office space as shareholders.



Behind the trend is a complex of threats to the firm of business. The demand for skilled professionals, notably accountants and engineers, has outstripped the supply. The impact on the job market of ambitious professionally trained women adds a further complication. As employers begin to take advantage of a new pool of labor (the number of female accountants, for instance, has doubled since 1970), many are also finding that valued employees won't accept a transfer without first weighing a spouse's job prospects in a new location. For the foreign service, among others, that problem is eased if both spouses are on staff.

Yet some companies are still not convinced that "good people" can be recruited to each other. Forest & Wrennery, an international firm of chartered accountants, continues to ask one spouse to

The Smiths at work. "We know we had a lot to offer as a team."



leave after an office marriage. "We don't want anyone to think that anyone who is getting ahead except with honest good work," explains David Taylor, the partner in charge of personnel in Toronto. Employers also dread spousal competition. "Some couples can't handle it," says Derek Nelson, director of human resources at the CBC and the proponent of one partner leaving the other on the company if only one of the two can advance. Such worries nagged management at Dunsmuir of Elliot Lake, Ont., where the difficulties of attracting professionals to a one-industry town persuaded them to start hiring couples. Five years and 48 couples later, director of industrial relations David Rait says no problems have materialized. Typically, the couples don't work in the same office or report to each other.

Discriminatory employers who won't update their policies are still adjusting the issue. Though it is technically illegal in all provinces to discriminate on the basis of marital status, human rights commissions tolerate anti-spousal clauses as long as they are enforced without regard to sex. In 1977, for instance, Alberta woman won a complaint because her company's policy specified that after an in-house marriage, the woman employee must leave. According to Edna Weibking, president of the Canadian Human Rights and Civil Liberties Association, practices in the West still tend to be harsh because of the "prevailing macho, traditional and anti-women attitude."

As for the couples themselves, some feel pressured to settle out on their own. Maureen Dana Dicks and Paul Dicks left a large law practice and

formed a partnership in Carter Brock, Nfld., because, as Dunn Dicks puts it, "there were fewer opportunities in the firm for women than for men." Most find living and working together a mixed experience. For John and Kathy Galar of Clarkson Gordon, knowing each other's deadlines cause day-to-day pressures. "We recently cancelled a trip to New York so Kathy could work," reports John Galar. Dicks expects to be busy next month when his partner takes six weeks off to have their first baby, while Rose general investigations Rose Cairns and Mary Lou Goss Cairns must sometimes cope with opposite shifts that leave them little time to spend together with their toddler, Lindsay. But, adds Goss-Cairns, "Despite the difficulties, we wouldn't want it any other way." □



ing the computer's memory bank, requires manual ingenuity and his appointment is no foolproof that he is incapable of remembering any of that delirious dialogue. Lily Tomlin and her gang clustered as they teased and tortured their boss. When Nancy sneaks out of the orphanage in a heady haze and Hartley won his wife back with a glass of wine and a not-so-roaring tale of adolescent exposure, the supposed tension of the separation is reduced to the banal.

Had it not been for Arkus and Hartley, director Tili could have had a big howl around this goofy bundle and



Arkus, Hartley, downhearting to deadpan

needed it off to the left as Walt Disney for the occasional matinee. But while the rest of Tili's cast stoops to slapstick, Arkus is a vision of control and sanity—a trait he hasn't tried since *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*. He keeps pressing Tili's brakes, demystifying to deadpan, and Hartley keeps pace with the uneasy tightness of her Polaroid commercial performance. But Tili is busy looking elsewhere: he lets his picture overdevelop and these two fade right out of the frame.

—ANN JENSEN

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his wife (Andrea Marcovici) are, once tensely poorly matched, he's abusive and wrung up in his comic strip while she's relegated to being a good housewife with no real interests of her own. The story winds passing over their relationship with alarming frequency, rueful and create a further trauma following the accident: "The phantom feelings" Crane has following the loss of the hand become clearly manifested in his repeated rage about himself and his wife.

The movie is pulled together in part by Crane's performance everything about the surmount is more than slightly off-center, and his emotions seem to be dictated by forces buried so deeply inside him for us to see. But there's another—and rare—form of control operating in *The Hand*: as sound track. Noise is what we respond to



Crane: feelings of loss, regret and rage

in this movie, sound has an equally inhuman quality in the countryside of California as it does in New York. When victims are dispatched, the audience is much more sensitive to what they hear than what they see.

After a while, however, the logistics of the hand's actions, such as how it gets from New York to California or into a chest of drawers, work against the enjoyment. Because of this, the ending (like doesn't work, it's ingeniously subtle. Part of the pleasure of watching an entertainment like *The Hand* is being shown its Swiss-watch construction, how all the tiny gears are connected. The pleasures in *The Hand*, however many and frightening, are dictated by the absence of a firmer grip on the material.

—L. OTT

The 'Eyes' have it! (but not always)



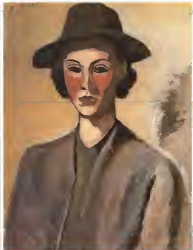
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Portrait of a Lady in a Green Hat by Robert-Robert Swales of bright color

cluded in the CAS exhibition, the original group still encouraged the 38 English-speaking artists in the pursuit of a nationalistic landscape art, a goal that was largely out of step with international painting. As the Canadian Group of Painters confirmed in the catalogue for its first U.S. exhibition in 1933: "Modernism in Canada has almost no relation to modernism in Europe." Although critics found the landscape formula repetitive, A.Y. Jackson—at that time revered in the movement rather than the avant-garde—opposed a local "blatant internationalism" which proved it the mark of Canada's youth and taught the influence of contemporary French painting.

To this cosmopolitan atmosphere, Lyman returned in 1933 from Paris where he had learned the lessons of modernism which Jackson scorned: post-impressionism, fauvism and the classical modern styles of Picasso, Braque and Matisse (whose mother he attended). Matisse, preferring a figurative tradition, had never been won over by the Group of Seven's landscape style. For Lyman, who worked from the figurative tradition and officially opposed the Canadian Group of Painters with the formation of the "Six," "the of the Canadian scene has gone sour. The real Canadian scene is in the consciousness of Canadian painters, whatever the object of their thought." That object was the esthetics of art for art's sake—the pure relation of form to form and color to color extraneous to the artist's consciousness in a recognizable period or abstracted still life. In contrast to the basically art conscious stylized patterns of the Group of Seven, Lyman built his portraits from simple geometrical planes and blocks of raw color into urbane landscapes—*Red Concert* and *Yacht Club, North Harbor*—relied the less on the sunlight of Claude Monet's France rather than the ragged Laurentian Shield and receded to James MacRae's subdued elegance (like Clarence Gagnier's *Hubert Quebec*).

Lyman's influence can be traced through a whole series of portraits in the exhibition, those of Eric Smith to Jack Humphrey and Philip Savaris, from the feasible, painterly elegance of Jacques de Tonnancour's *Jeune Fille Assise* to the free renditions of Matisse's fauvism in Goodridge Roberts' *Portrait of a Lady in a Green Hat*. But, restrained thus, Lyman, Roberts boldly laid on swatches of bright color, brushing with shocking, asymmetrical linked cheeks and beaver red lips. Similarly, he translated Lyman's principles into landscape, releasing it in a different manner than the Group of Seven

from the foggy, Dutch cow-scapes popular with Montrealers. Both Roberts and Louis Muhlstock, in his abandoned and cheering interiors, refuse the atmospheric tones with paucity of subtlety.

Fundamentally, Lyman saw modernism as a renewal of the classical tradition broken by the anecdotal sentimentality of the 19th century, lingering in the Victorianism of academic painting. But Lyman could not abide the disguising intrigues of abstract art and politics. The belief that art could lead to revolutionary and iconoclastic cultural change eventually split the CAS, leading to the rise of the French faction of the CAS headed by Alfred Pellan and Paul-Émile Borduas. Created as a prodigal art star in 1940, Pellan named Lyman and the other English artists into the shadows with his junior version of modernism, picked up during 34 years in Paris: an eclectic synthesis of Picasso's deconstruction and Matisse's color which was more conflated than complementary. His paintings, such as the confident self-portrait *Jeune Coiffeuse*, are used only by their technical virtuosity.

Borduas, the finest painter in come out of the CAS, had more of the assurance of Pellan at this time. Compared with the restraint and good taste of Lyman's portraits, Borduas' dark and brooding figures were brutally con-



Lyman's Yacht Club, North Harbor closer to France than Laurentian Shield

started with a painting knife, the rough three-dimensional planes that face the face of *La Femme à la mandoline* and match the darkened background take Lyman's technique to a violent extreme. These planes were voided first as an artistic background to create surreal interior landscapes. With his students and followers—Fernand Légal, Jean-Paul Ringuet—who were free in their abstraction than their teacher,

Borduas called for complete liberty from social and artistic constraints in his brave and shocking manifesto of 1948, *Refus global*. Its daring anticlerical attack on a repressive priestly society was to entrance him from Quebec. The CAS was fractured with resignation in the opposition between Borduas' radicalism and Pellan's conservatism. Lyman's portrait, both the death extended with the violent black pangs of abstraction in Montreal, leaving Lyman's contribution to modernism in its value. ◇

ART

Giving a decade its due

Contemporary Art Society and the banner of modernism

By Philip Monk

It is a paradox that for such successful advance in art neither is blacked, and more than once the Group of Seven has acted as an impediment to the progress of Canadian painting. Nowhere has the weight of the group as the national psyche been heavier than in depicting John Lyman, painter, organizer, critic and general presiding over the modern art, the man responsible for the Contemporary Art Society (CAS), from its founding in Montreal in 1930 to its bitter breakup in 1948. This association, which achieved in a Montreal school of abstract painting and a shift of cultural energy from English to French Canada, is the subject of an exhibition organized by the *Résonance*

Art Gallery traveling across the country until September. On a small scale, it returns to the '30s when the National Gallery's 1975 *Canadian Painting in the Twentieth Century* for the previous decade. By the beginning of the '30s, the Group of Seven was Canada's national school, dominating Canadian art, dominating the subject and the object of comments of support by a pitiful National Gallery at home. After more than a decade of success, the quietly Toronto-based group was in a crisis of renewal. Neither wishing to relinquish its subject matter nor its identity, it dissolved into the larger creation of the Canadian Group of Painters in 1933. While allowing a few figure painters into the select circle, such as Edouard Hénault and Prudence Heward (whose portraits are in-

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gts, throws into sharp relief the faded glories of contemporary life in which "Bosch men were born for barbeques, others had it dangled upon them."

The star in W.P. Kinsella's *Born Again* is clearly written in a free-wheeling style similar to Polk's, but parallel and there. This is Kinsella's third collection of funny-sad tales about white-Indian confrontations, most of them narrated by Silas Emmons, a young One from a central Alberta reserve. It's cowboys and Indians in reverse, with the stupid, barked-words outflowed, captured and outflowed by crafty wit of the earth shaman. Unfortunately, white racism deserves all this and more, but the crude verbalization of stereotyped emotion glossed

from the reserve struggles for self-determination by breaking away from his paternalistic heritage and adopting a filtered white woman's ways only to marry a chevroned Indian who misleads and abandons her. The story is moving and the characters sympathetic, because the social forces at work have been keenly interested rather than imposed from outside.

The format of *Born Again* is questionable too. Most of the stories have been published on their own in various literary magazines, and their genealogies, marriage, profession and so on have had to be re-established each time. No allowance has been made in the collection, however, for the fact that the cast of characters varies little from story to story, making much of the explanatory information redundant and irritating. All they add up to is an extended sitcom—why not just up and present them as such?

Kinsella's first novel will be published next year, and the broader canvas may well force him into a more realistic and profound exploration of his subjects. Considerably, the publisher (Houghton Mifflin), which has bestowed upon Kinsella its \$10,000 first novel award, is Polk's American publisher. Polk, editorial director of *University of Arizona*, says he published in the United States because Patricia "didn't belong here—it's an American book in its humor and its ways." The sense of modesty has unintentionally deprived Canadian publishing of a work that, but for some national boundaries, could have been a literary output also cherished as too regional to be internationally viable. Canada's publishing industry—and its native peoples—can do without more government, whether externally imposed or self-imposed.

—MARK CHAMBERS



Kinsella (above), Polk: projections of the white man's subconscious feelings



over with an achingly moralizing ("When we're down as low as we are in the storm pole that's the only thing there is to do is hang") adds up to unbecoming politics and paeonizing bog art.

Kinsella's difficulties with perspective are unfortunately abetted by his greatest strength. To a remarkable degree, he invents his characters with credible speech patterns, behavior and ideas. But because the novelist Silas has no distance on his own stories, the result is a puppet show, realistic and detailed, yet devoid of insight. Ironically, Kinsella is most effective when Silas is least present and the racial conflict muted. In *Pretext Drivers*, a girl

Seeking fortune in taipan alley

NOBLE HOUSE
by James Clavell
(Doubleday, \$15.95)

James Clavell has given us a game or two to play. The first is called peek-the-here and it isn't as easy because both candidates wear white suits. Saturated with the grey mist of Hong Kong, *Noble House*, the taiguan (superior) leader of the trading company Noble House, is "fair-haired with blue eyes, in his early forties, lean and trim." Quilias Gorek is another exponent of Hong Kong industry, head of Northwell-Gorek, "black-haired, black-headed" exponent of "strength

and masculinity." Both operate race horses and racing cars expertly, and both specialize in basic acts. Gorek is better in bed, but Durrant can fly a helicopter. There is a blood hatred which is the heritage of their ancestors—racing trainers and tycoon smugglers who founded the Chinese colony of Hong Kong in 1841.

But let's leave that game for a moment and get on with the rest. It's the classic pattern of sub-plot, race, and why answer out of four or five choices in earnest. Swept into the course of 18 days in Hong Kong in 1963, *Noble House* is an espionage novel along the lines of *Poker, Tennis, Solider*, *Sin*, dealing with acts and consequences Chinese infiltration of British government and business. There is an exotic police procedural starring Superintendent Robert Armstrong, apparently the only cop



Clavell: 400 much money, 400 life

in Hong Kong not taking "fragrant grease" (bribe). There's also a 19th-century Tolstoy-style chronicle of the manners, mores, business and politics of the embattled British ruling class of Hong Kong. Then there's the pebbling of dusty roads, with the Gorek-Durrant rivalry carried out of Clavell's earlier historical best seller *The Pillars of the Earth*. And lastly, the Horatio Algernon sign of millions of Chinese intent on scoring (by any means) enough money to raise the "face" of their birthright permanently. As they say in Hong Kong, *mo ching*, not easy. No money, no life.

Five into one won't go, though Clavell tries mightily (2,000 pages) to encompass them. Money is his god, the "fragrant grease" of the plot. Hong Kong ranks of it. Two corporate Americans come to find it, and then Durrant and Gorek take final revenge—bank runs and stock market crashes—because the money built a broken new tin

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Darius is a promise made by the first tapes, Dirk Strawn, and into Ontario parts of the plot. With money as its lure, Noble House suffers the same fate as the women in the novel, caught by size and configuration rather than qualities of the soul. Though the search for riches was the motivating factor of both Clavell's excellent historical novels, *Shogun* and *Tanquerai*, neither were as heavily larded with culture, loyalty, and nobility as not yet deluded currency, allowing him the layers of meaning necessary to set pieces in motion. In *Noble House*, too much money, so life.

To a great extent, that is his point. The governor of Hong Kong, Sir Geoffrey Alton, muses, "great pride has always passed gloriously under and the sugar lust for power or money and greed and would rule them forever." But Clavell creates no character who acts up in admittedly foolish opposition to that thought. This is why it's interesting to play the hero game Darius, of course, comes out cleaner—the book is called *Noble House*. But he is only better than or different from Grant in one way: he is the tapes, and suffers none of the insecurity of the also-ran Grant as pursuit of power is quite ready to sacrifice anyone. Darius is still "ambitious and ready to kill" but can resist the paternal regard for his liege, a proper despot should. Darius is the hero because he can take care of his own. The book says grab those dollars and you too will be able to take care of your own. You may as well read *Rise in Power* During the Coming Dark Years if it's shorter. —ANNE COLLINS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant*, Michael Ondaatje
- 2 *Noble House*, Geoffrey Clavell
- 3 *1984*, George Orwell
- 4 *Belleville*, Peter Dinklage
- 5 *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley
- 6 *The Key to Rebecca*, Patricia Highsmith
- 7 *Darkly Darkly*, Susan Sontag
- 8 *Heart of Darkness*, Joseph Conrad
- 9 *Forrest Gump*, Michael Crichton
- 10 *The Guests of Alibi*, Sherman

Nonfiction

- 1 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Zinner
- 2 *Project Money*, David Mervin
- 3 *Confessions*, James Joyce
- 4 *Critics Beware!*, Clive James
- 5 *The Northern Shores*, Guy Vanderhaeghe
- 6 *The Choice*, Peter Dinklage
- 7 *The Canadian Paper*, John G. Sweeney
- 8 *Chances & Chances*, John G. Sweeney
- 9 *Male Fracture*, Woodhull
- 10 *Best Friends*, John G. Sweeney
- 11 *Belleville*, Peter Dinklage
- 12 *Belleville*, Peter Dinklage

(1) Fiction best seller

MUSIC

Oceans of voice and more voice

Oceans of music—from Broadway musicals, folk covers and operas—have flooded Toronto's new O'Keefe Centre over the years, but it's doubtful whether its rafters have rung to anything as splendid as the opening night of the Canadian Opera Company's 1987 first production of the season, *Belshazzar's Feast*. Perhaps the greatest work of the bel canto repertory (with all respect for Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Norma is a role that demands vocal virtuosity and dramatic engagement like few others. Lilli Lehmann once confessed that she would



Norma: warm, wounded and gifted

either sing three Götterlieder from *Brünnhilde* than one Norma. Luckily, the COC was able to lure one of the world's great divas to interpret the part, Dame Joan Sutherland.

It is an age when opera suddenly seems able again, there is a wonderful dearth of new prima donnas. But destiny seems to have compensated for quantity with longevity: only Callas is dead, and her voice predestined her, but veterans such as Birgit Nilsson and Sutherland continue their stellar careers with their instruments virtually unimpaired.

At the beginning, there was some dreary stage business around the old oak tree in an atmospheric midnight in Roman-coloured Götter, before the dramatic pretensions made her entrance. But when Sutherland, in pristine white, stalked upon the set and glared briefly



Sutherland, an unlikelihood of instrument

at the hall, the audience (which included the premier of Ontario and the leader of the Opposition in the same row, though widely separated, leading one to believe that the beacon of art had for once conquered the clammy reality of quotidian politics) lost itself in applause. When Sutherland, after her resplendent, began with the most exquisite aria in opera, the *Crucifixion* (the "divine goddess" of the moon), those unimpaired by her clarity were left the hall in a breathless rapture rare in opera.

Sutherland, grand as her voice is, is not an ideal Norma. (Recordings of *Ilia* Ponselle and Maria Callas have the rights over.) She does not so much communicate the line-by-line intricacies of the libretto as telegraph, by a brusque gathering of her gown, by a throwing back of her shoulders and especially by an exclamation of her mammalian throat, that she is delivering what the audience wants in Rossini's words, voice, voice and more voice.

There were others, of course. Teo Teo Franceschi, as Pollicino—the apex of the opera's love triangle—did adequately by one of the most underwritten roles in Italian opera, but he favoured the operatic high notes that would have made something of the role. Juan Antonio, as Norma's father, was superbly impressive.

But the surprise of the evening (as it should have been, if one recalled the 1987 production of *Don Carlos* in which, like Princess Elvira, she killed off the role) was Taisia Troianova as Norma's

real-world Adalgisa. She can go down in operatic history as having replaced such awesome women as Elza Svanberg (Callas' partner) and Mariya Yermolaeva (Sutherland's aunt, and, perhaps, future). The voice was huge, even when she sang with her back to the orchestra; the interpretation was warm, wounded, gifted in her first work. Sutherland and Troianova (who is basically a two-part opera) were phenomenal; the production close to perfection. Again and again, in a break from old Ontario tradition, the performance was stalled for encores.

In the pit, conductor Richard Bonynge managed the erratic COC orchestra with great gusto, though when his wife (Diane Jassy) was off the stage (which was seldom) his interest in the proceedings seemed to slacken noticeably, and his tempo betrayed his Nervousness, it was a memorable night at the opera, the closest of Norma as an introduction to this Monday was the first production so honored. It confirms the vigor of the company under general director Luc Mignone, the sort of performance that leaves no expectations unfulfilled. —BLA MACFARLAN

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A Liberal dose of secrecy

'With its passage, C-43 will enslave a citizen's right not to know'

By Ian Anderson

Twelve months ago Pierre Stachiwsky, a reporter for the *Regain Quebec* Post, was badly refused, by the departments of health and agriculture, studies on about 40 widely used pesticides. Thwarted in Ottawa, he obtained, through the U.S. Freedom of Information Act, a series of memos written on Canadian government letterhead which stated that the Chicago lab that did the original tests on a pesticide previously called Captao had "falsified data." The Canadian documents indicated that some outpouring of pregnant women pigs exposed to the chemical did not suffer lack of eye pigmentation, as the Chicago lab reported, but were born without eyes. And there were alarmingly high occurrences of cancer and sperm cells among the lab animals. At that time, Canadian officials were operating under Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's dictate that they should act in the spirit of the impending Canadian Freedom of Information Act (FOI) legislation, Bill C-43. The irony is, by refusing to release the tests, they were doing so.

It's hard to suppress the urge to groan and rail four eyes when some have neither friends of information. And who gives a damn about more blarney from the Fourth Estate? "I'm with you on the five years," says a guarantee in *Playboy's* *Night and Day*, a dead translation of his former profession. "It's the newspapers I can't stand." It is precisely open-mouthed publicity for the messenger that Liberal governments have flourished for these guarantees that alarms should be sounding now. At stake with the government's proposed FOI legislation, which would be through Parliament by next month, is something more basic than mere freedom. It is the citizen's right to know that is at stake and, more basically, the spirit of democratic government. When he was Jimmy Carter's attorney general, Benjamin Civiletti denied the U.S. FOI Act to be as fundamentally important as the Bill of Rights. It appears as if Canadian legislators wrote C-43 in the spirit of the Official Secrets Act. What we find in the Canadian bill is a consciousness more in keeping with the faltering joints of a coffee repulsive than the spirit of an open and self-confident democracy. This is not a document that limits what government can keep secret. Conversely, it limits what the public can see. It enforces a government's right to secrecy.

Perhaps it is safer to compare the Canadian bill to the American one. For one, the Canadian bill should provide greater openness to government decision-making for the simple fact that government regulation plays a far larger part in our lives. For another, the openness of the U.S. legislation is highly overruled. In one request for U.S. studies

on the implications of an independent Quebec, it took six months to get a photocopy of the *Papas-Roberts* report.

For reasons of national security, I was denied access to a six document, apparently entitled *Canada, Demolition or Demolition?* It's chilling to consider, however, that under the proposed Canadian bill the federal government would be able to deny that any such document existed. And that would effectively stop any appeal to the information ombudsman or, finally, to the courts. And even in a court appeal, the Canadian bill denies a judge the power to overrule a minister's order to exempt the document. This is the checks-and-balances system that safeguards the U.S. information law. In Canada, the court may only decide whether the minister was "reasonable" in assigning the document to one of the exemptions for blanket exemption such as federal-provincial affairs, cabinet-level policy-making, or international affairs. Given the breadth of the definitions, it is a rare document that wouldn't find a blanket to hide under somewhere. There is no allowance for the court to decide whether the public's need to know outweighs the government's need to hide, as the U.S. bill permits. Nor is there adequate allowance for any test to prove a document's release would result in "detractable harm" to the government.

In every case involving a clear choice between the public's right to know and the government's right to hide, the government chose to "invoke reliable protection" for state secrets. To quote the official discussion paper on the act: "The Liberal cabinet would not further the blanket exemption for federal-provincial affairs, from the proposed earlier wording of federal-provincial appointments. This is in its widest context—as it should cover proposed bills—the word 'policy' (only exempt). 'Almost every government subject,' warns the Canadian Bar Association. The same could be said of the exemption for all cabinet records. Most advice, perhaps, is the exemption for the results of any product testing the government says could be misleading. Masking is when we might shyly mean: Yes. To the readers of the *London Post* who may want to put Captao on their fields?"

This is more than just another badly drafted bill. It is a failure in the spirit of governing, a failure to understand just who's accountable to whom. With its passage, C-43 will enslave a citizen's right not to know. What is at stake is an attitude, a spirit, that Tom Stoppard tried to put so simply as possible: "Information is a verb. Information, in itself, about anything, is light." In a democracy you legislate light; not shadows. Only with light can a society make those collective decisions upon which a democracy makes its choice, its life. In this FOI bill, the light, the spirit, is very weak. And something is very wrong.

Ian Anderson is a staff writer for *Maclean's* in Ottawa.



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